National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION CELEBRATIONISTS.

From The Detroit Free Press.

THE free blacks of the British West Indies, where Great Britain abolished slavery some twenty-five or thirty years ago, have become so forgetful of the event which gave them liberty that they do not commemorate it in any way. They treat the anniversary of their emancipation in the same manner that they do all other days—that is, by the greatest possible indulgence in the luxury of instinctive laziness, while everything about them is going to decay and ruin. Such being the fact, we suppose the observance of that anniversary by the Abolitionists and negroes of our Northern States to be altogether proper, especially as it affords them a fine opportunity to declaim against the constitution and goverment of the United States, and the people of the South who are not quite willing to do that which in the West Indies has impoverished the landed proprietors and conferred no advantage, physical or moral, upon the negroes. If the West India negroes will not celebrate the anniversary of their own emancipation, why is it not eminently fit and right that our Abolitionists and free negroes should celebrate it? It does not matter that the British Abolitionists have stopped celebrating it. It is true that they have stopped because Great Britain has seen the egregious blunder she made in running off after the philanthropic vagaries of Clarkson and Wilberforce, and because it is too sad a business to exult over the prostration and desolation of the best British colonies; but this need not trouble our Abolitionists; it is nothing to them what may have been the consequences of West India emancipation in the United States. The worse the consequences, the more intense, we do verily believe, their pleasure. Nothing would please some of them more—and we judge these by their own language—than universal negro insurrection in the South and universal massacre of the whites. At one of the celebrations, in New England, of the West India event, on the first of the present month, a resolution was actually offered and considered advising the Southern negroes to "rise, shake off their chains, and put down their oppressors." Should they do this, our Abolitionists would celebrate that event with vastly keener relish than that which they now celebrate, we have little doubt. Why should they not? They rejoice over ruin in the fairest dependencies of England—why not exult over perdition in the sunniest States of the American Union?

It used to be the fashion of the British Abolitionists to refuse to purchase or consume any of the products of slave labor. The fashion was imported into this country twenty years ago, but did not last long. Our Abolitionists are just as slow to deprive themselves of accustomed comforts, whether they come of slave or free labor, as they are to contribute to the purchase of the freedom of individual slaves when opportunity is presented. They will pay their money freely, however, for the support of the underground railroad; and if one of their emissaries be apprehended in the business of negro-stealing, his name is forthwith blazoned as that of a martyr, notwithstanding that the words of the commandment are, "Thou shalt not steal," and "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

Black Republicanism is fast running into the abolitionism of which these West India emancipation celebrationists are the apostles. What better are the men who cry "no more slave States and no more slave territory" than they who tell us that the "Constitution is a covenant with hell"? What better are they who will not accept the interpretation given to the Constitution by the Supreme Court than they who reject the Constitution wholly? What better is Sewardism than Garrisonism?

FIGURES LYING ABOUT SLAVERY.

From The South.

IT is said that figures never lie, and we suppose that it was in view of this aphorism that the Augusta (Ga.) *Dispatch* prepared its recent article to show that "slavery is not safe in Virginia against the Free Soil tendencies of her own population." The whole argument of figures amounts simply to this—that because there are in Virginia two whites to one negro, therefore slavery is upon a very insecure basis in the State. Such is the logic of the *Dispatch*, and we submit that it is altogether delusory. Why, it assumes as true what we have before proven to be false—that the whites of the State who do not hold slaves are opposed to slavery. Nothing could be more fallacious. Slavery has no warmer advocates and defenders than Virginians who have never owned a slave, and such is the fact with most of the 370,000 whites who live west of the Blue Ridge. Whoever may say otherwise, we affirm that the people of Western Virginia are true as flint to the institution of slavery, and are becoming every day more and more identified with and attached to it. The railroads of the East, penetrating the mountains of the West, have brought the two sections nearer together, and they are acting and reacting upon eath other beautifully. A few years earlier this might have tended to weaken the slavery feeling in both sections, but now, so great has been the change in public opinion here, it operates to indoctrinate the West with that deep attachment to the patriarchal institution which is felt universally in the East and Valley. Tide-Water or Piedmont Virginia is no safer on this slavery issue than the Valley and Trans-Alleghany; and when Virginia becomes Free Soil, Georgia will be ready to follow suit.

As to the fact adduced to show that even the East is tainted with this Free soil infection, we say nothing. It is very much to be regretted that even a colorable pretext has been given for the use of such language as follows:

"There is a paper, published in the city of Richmond, the great slave mart of the state, which paper, professing to be Democratic, gives vent to sentiments equally as obnoxious as any ever uttered by Cassius M. Clay, or the notorious Lovejoy, who met his deserts several years since. We took occasion to allude to this sheet some weeks since. Its editor, the son of a high official in the State, boldly asserts that Virginia's interests are Free Soil. In our opinion he who poisons the mind of a white man, on the subject of slavery, is far more culpable than he who tampers with a few negroes. The reasons of this opinion will occur to every mind. We submit whether it can be said that slavery is gaining ground in an original slave State, when influential papers declare that, in the event of disunion, the State ought to join the free confederacy. If public sentiment will tolerate such papers and their editors, is public sentiment sound there?"

We protest against any inference from such premises, unfavorable to the people of Virginia. They are not responsible for the conduct of those who have given occasion for such language, they do not sympathize with or endorse the views of such persons, and hear with amazement and wonder that such impressions have been made upon the Southern mind. It is no fault of ours, and we take none of the responsibility.

J. R. GIDDINGS.

THE Hon. J. R. Giddings was in town this morning. He looks hale and hearty. Mr. G. has represented the Ashtabula District in Congress for quite a period and will probably continue to represent it for some time to come, if not longer. It is supposed he commenced life somewhere, though this is not definitely known. He goes against the Slave Power. He spits upon the Slave Power. He tramples the Slaves Power under foot, and would be pleased to rip the entrails all out of the Slave Power, transport them to his own delightful Ashtabula, and distribute them round among his constituents to feed their hogs on. He wears treble-soled cowhide brogans for the purpose of more effectually stamping on the Slave Power. He adores niggers, does J. R. G. Niggers are his joy and his pride. He thinks nigger, dreams nigger. We have heard, and have no reason to doubt the report, that his idea of Heaven is a place peopled exclusively with niggers in yellow vests, brass fob-chains and striped pantaloons, their lackeys being white men.

He is considered by his rather numerous constituents as being vastly the superior of the late Gen. Geo. Washington. He rather inclines to that opinion himself. It is believed the lather he has emitted from his mouth in denouncing the Slave Power would shave the male inhabitants of the United States for a period of ten years. He is of the Republican persuasion. He will doubtless be renominated for the next Congress, and we trust his constitutents will remember the importance of one vote and the far greater importance of several votes. We hope they will likewise vote early and often; also vote frequently, and urge their neighbors to do the same. And those persons who have said we couldn't say a fair thing of a political opponent must now be convinced of the rank injustice of the assertion.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer, 10th.*

WATCH THE TRAITOR.

A RECENT issue of the New York *Tribune* publishes a letter from Underwood, the wretch who was some months since warned away from Virginia, and who fled to New York, but who, it seems, has since crept back into the State and put the Alleghany mountains between himself and those who scared him away before. He writes that there are but few slaves in the part of the State where he is at present sojourning, and we take occasion to warn the masters of that few that they must keep a watchful eye over this miscreant, else even they will not long be happy in their masters' service. Having returned to Virginia, of course the traitor will be anxious to signalize his devotion to the cause of freedom by fomenting discontents and insubordination among any slaves to whom he may gain access, and will undoubtedly do mischief if the opportunity presents itself. Such men as this, in any community, are a nuisance and plague. Their ingrained vileness must have vent in some direction; and if there be no negroes to tamper with, or so few that the game is not worth the candle, they will operate to the prejudice and injury of their white neighbors. A traitor cannot be trusted; whatever may be his professions of attachment to the community which tenders him an asylum, but, sooner or later, he will play the viper, and sting the bosom that warmed and cherished him. Of this, let the people of Lewis County, or of any other to which Underwood may go, take notice. He is essentially a mischief maker, and needs most vigilant watching.—*The South.*

Selections.

MUTILATION OF THE MEMOIR OF MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM.

From The Independent.

IT will be remembered by all who were present at the meeting of the Tract Society in Lafayette Place, and by all who have read the reports of that meeting, that Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Brooklyn, threatened to vindicate the claim of his party to rule the Society, by carrying that claim before "every court in the United States." This threat was based upon two facts, which, in the mind of the speaker, were evidently conclusive, viz., that his father had given money to found the Society, and that his family had transferred to the Society the copyright of the life of his grandmother. We are not disposed to criticise either the taste or the logic of this declaration. Much is to be pardoned to filial reverence and affection; indeed the exhibition of such sentiments is sometimes most beautiful in children of larger growth. Our concern is with certain facts involved in the above declaration. We have before us a phonographic report of the speech, published by an organ of his own church to which he is a frequent contributor; but lest the speaker, with his avowed sensitiveness under newspaper reports, should question the accuracy of this, we will quote only the carefully condensed record of his remarks given in the official report of the meeting appended to the annual Report of the Society for May, 1858.

Dr. Bethune said: "We are united as a Society, not merely in a charter, but in a trust; we have given our money, our fathers have given their money, and we have exerted our various talents for the upbuilding of this institution. Our money is between every brick. Yes, it is the very mortar which holds the bricks together. It is distributed through all the stereotype plates, in all the presses of the Society. It is in more than this—it is in the glorious system of evangelical operations which this Society has inaugurated, and still maintains. We stand where our fathers placed us; and it is my privilege to remember the day on which this Society was begun. I remember it well; and it has been dear to my heart ever since. It is yet sacred in my thoughts that the life of my grandmother, Isabella Graham, the greatest treasure which our family ever had—one of the treasures which the Church of God esteems the most precious—we committed to this Tract Society; we have given money—my father before me—all of us have given money; but what is money to a gift like that?"

To justify this boast of pecuniary liberality—if anything could reconcile it with the modesty of Christian charity—one would expect to find the name of the speaker's family at least represented in the original contribution of $25,852 for building the Tract House in Nassau street. But of that "money which is between every brick," that money which "is the very mortar that holds the bricks together," not one farthing is credited to any member of the family whose pecuniary rights in the Tract Society are to be vindicated in all the courts of the United States. We gratefully recall the benefactions of that family to many objects of Christian charity; we do not question their liberality to the Tract Society in particular; we only say that had the speaker consulted the record, instead of the name of his honored father as a contributor to the founding of the Tract House, he would have found the name of Mr. *Arthur Tappan* for $5,000—one-fifth of the whole sum—and other names represented in the minority in the Tract meeting, which would give quite another aspect to the claim to control the Society, by right of original investment in its bricks and mortar. But we can afford to let this outburst of filial and family enthusiasm pass with a simple statement of the facts in the case.

On the second point there can be no question. The family of Dr. Bethune *have* conveyed to the Tract Society the copyright of the Life of Mrs. Isabella Graham. But when that fact was alleged to bar the minority, by threats of legal process, from debating the question whether the Tract Society can and ought to publish on "the moral evils and duties which grow out of the existence of slavery," the speaker omitted to say that *the memoir of Mrs. Isabella Graham, in the Tract Society's edition, has been purged of the testimony against slavery given in the first edition.*

Had Dr. Bethune closed the lofty period in which he boasted his life-long hostility to slavery by saying, in proof of this, "A noble deed in the life of my sainted grandmother has been suppressed, and the record of my own father's hand against slavery has been cancelled, in order that this Society might print her memoir without endangering the Union, and I therefore call upon you to guard this treasure, which, though mutilated and defaced, is still the greatest treasure our family ever had and most precious to the Church of God"—had he stated that fact, in illustration of his own hereditary and determined opposition to slavery, both the speech and the interpretation thereof would have been patent to the minds of the assembly. We charitably believe that he was not aware of the fact, or at least was not a party to the mutilation.

In the original edition of the "Life and Writings of Mrs. Isabella Graham," the memoir, the "devotional exercises," and the letters, were arranged in three distinct parts. In the Tract Society's edition, the "Devotional Exercises" and the letters are incorporated with the Life, according to their dates. We have before us a copy of the edition of 1816, printed in New York by J. Seymour, 49 John street. On pages 58 and 59 of this edition occurs a narrative which we here introduce in its connection:

"For several years it was customary with Mrs. Graham to visit the hospital. Before the erection of the very valuable wing of that edifice adapted to the reception of deranged persons, and now called the 'Lunatic Asylum,' she paid a particular attention to patients of this description.

"One instance is fresh in the recollection of the writer of this sketch. A French gentleman of fortune, in St Domingo, through the fidelity of one of his slaves, escaped the general massacre of the white people in his neighborhood by the blacks in 1793. Warned by this faithful informer, he fled, with his mother, sister and younger brother, on board of a French vessel, whilst they were pursued to the beach. They had saved and carried with them some of their jewels; but on the voyage the vessel was captured by a British privateer, and carried to Bermuda. From thence they sailed in an American vessel for New York; but on their passage they were plundered by a French privateer. From these cruel depredations they saved but a slender amount of property for their support in a strange land. This gentleman now improved those accomplishments which his education had bestowed, as a means of providing a subsistence for himself and his dependent relatives. He became a teacher of dancing. In the year 1797 he returned to St. Domingo, and received a commission in the British army, then masters of the place. Having recovered a part of his property, he sold his commission, and prepared to return to New York, with a prospect of rendering his family comfortable. On the day previous to embarking, *he fell among thieves*, and received a wound which no Samaritan could cure. A set of gamblers robbed him, by caro-pla,ing, of all the money in his possession; his distress and remorse of conscience were too strong for his mind to bear, and he became a maniac. In this state he reached New York. He refused to go to the hospital until Mrs. Graham led him there. she had long befriended him and his family; he always listened respectfully to her requests, and she visited him often. Let the rest of his tale be told. He escaped from the hospital, wandered to the southward, and was heard of no more. The remaining part of his family, after the peace of Amiens, returned to St. Domingo, where General Le Clerc had led a French army, and afterwards, there is every reason to fear, were destroyed by Christophe, along with many more unhappy victims of the same description.

"*O slavery! thou bitter draught! the oppressor's chain becomes at length the murderous steel, sharply and secretly whetted by the oppressed! Then is there confusion and every evil work.* And what shall be said of gambling? There cunning, malice, rage and madness mingle their horrible expressions.

"To the apartments appropriated to sick female convicts in the State Prison, Mrs. Graham made many visits. She met with some affecting circumstances amongst this class" (pages 58 and 59).

In consequence of the printing of Mrs. Graham's letters in the body of her memoir, the proper place for this narrative in the Tract Society's edition is near the middle of the volume. On p. 255 of this edition we read as follows:

"For several years it was customary with Mrs. Graham to visit the New York hospital; and before the admirable provision since made for the separate care of those mentally deranged, she paid a particular attention to patients of this description.

"To the apartments appropriated to sick female convicts in the State Prison she also made many visits; she met with some affecting incidents among this class."

The incident concerning the unhappy French gentleman is omitted, while the paragraphs which precede and follow it in the original edition are retained. Will any one doubt that this incident in the memoir of Mrs. Graham was omitted from the Tract Society's edition solely on account of Mr. Divie Bethune's comment upon "the evils which slavery is known to promote"?

The Tract Society's edition is not an abridgment. It contains quite as much matter as the original edition, and the changes from that are very few. It is not abridged, but "enriched" with some additional matter. True, the allusion to slavery here cancelled is in itself of little importance. But, like the omission of the one *word* slavery from Harris's Mammon, it shows the *animus* of the Management at the Tract House.

But who is responsible for this suppression? Did Dr. Bethune consent that his own father's protest against slavery should be cancelled as the price of committing to the Tract Society the sacred legacy of his grandmother's life? We cannot believe it. If the omission was by the authority of the compiler of the memoir or by his literary executors, was it done at the suggestion of any officer or officers of the Tract Society, or with a view to make it conform to their policy upon the subject of slavery? The "Church of God" has a right to know who has thus mutilated "one of its most precious treasures."

There is another aspect of this matter still more painful. We have detected and exposed a like mutilation of several books by the officers of the Tract Society; Mather's Essays to Do Good, Mary Lundie Duncan, Mammon, have all been subjected to the same process. We have been given to understand that these were *all* the cases of such mutilation; yet here is another, brought accidentally to light. The policy of the officers of the Society upon this subject for years has been the same. Against the remonstrances of many of the best men of the land—men fitly represented by Drs. Goodrich and Hawes, and Chief-Justice Hornblower—they have persisted in making everything, even the sacred memory of the dead, tend to the policy of conciliating slaveholders by silence upon the evils of slavery. Yet we fancy that even the clamorous meeting in Lafayette Place might have been shamed into silence if they had there been told that their chief orator was boasting a policy which had mutilated the remains of his own grandmother as embalmed by his own father's hand.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

A NEGRO REBELLION.—Last Friday week, says *The Coffeeville* (Miss.) *Intelligencer* of the 30th ult., the overseer on Mr. James K. Polk's plantation (some eight miles below this) undertook to whip one of the hands, when the others interfered and rescued the culprit. Mr. Mars, the overseer, then started out for assistance, and during his absence the negroes armed themselves with axes, hatchets, clubs, scythes, stones, &c., retreated to the gin-house, bid defiance to the overseer and his friends, and swore they would die to a man before one of their party should be whipped. Mr. Amos Duke, in attempting to arrest one of them, was struck across the side of the head with a club, and, it is feared, will lose one of his eyes from the effects of the blow. Things continued in this state up to Tuesday last, when a party of some seventy-five citizens of this place and Troy visited the plantation and arrested every negro on the place. They were tried the next morning on the plantation, before Judge Fisher, who committed four of the ringleaders to jail, to await the action of the Grand Jury. The balance, some fifty or sixty, were whipped according to their several deserts.

BORDER WARFARE ON THE OHIO.—A year ago, an old man named Bell, and his son, living in this State, opposite Brandenburg, were suspected by the citizens of Meade County, Ky., of being privy to or abettors of fugitive slaves. They were watched, and found to be in communication with some free negroes in the interior of the State, whose visit to Bell's house led to the subsequent proceedings. Bell and his son were decoyed one night down to the river and within the jurisdiction of Kentucky, where they were arrested on a warrant from a Kentucky magistrate, on a charge of aiding the escape of slaves, and taken to Meade County and lodged in the Brandenburg jail, where they have remained for nearly a year—their prosecutors not being prepared for trial. Two sons of Bell returned from California recently, and found that their father and brother, as they allege, had been kidnapped and carried to a foreign jurisdiction, and held for twelve months, as they believed, on a false charge. On Thursday last there was a barbecue at Garnettsville, in Meade County, to which most of the citizens of Brandenburg went in a crowd, and among them the jailer, who left his wife and a lad, the only keepers of the jail. Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the two California Bells landed at Brandenburg and proceeded to the jail, three hundred yards from the shore, and demanded the keys to the cells. The jailor's wife and lad were so intimidated by threats that they allowed the Bells to take them. They immediately released their father and brother, and, placing a pair of revolvers in the hands of each, the whole party escaped from the jail. An alarm being given, several citizens armed themselves and followed the Bells to the landing, and fired upon them. The Bells returned the shots, and kept a crowd of twenty pursuers at bay, till they had secured their skiff and a safe passage across the river. No one, we believe, was wounded by the firing; but the rescue has caused a great deal of indignation on the Kentucky shore, and some little exultation among Bell's neighbors on the Indiana side. The Bells were on Saturday last at their farm opposite Brandenburg, and they say that they will remain there, defying the whole of Meade County, Kentucky, to take them. Two of the Bells have worked in the ship-yards in New Albany, and are known and respected by many of the citizens of that place. It is an affair that may lead to unpleasant consequences.—*Evansville* (*Ind.*) *Journal.*

ANOTHER MASTER MURDERED.—We learn from *The Donaldsonville Coast Journal* that Mr. Constant Melancon, a young gentleman widely known and esteemed, was killed by one of his negroes, on the 26th ult., at his residence in St. James, about eight miles below Donaldsonville. *The Coast Journal* gives the following particulars of the murder and death of the murderer:

"It appears that Mr. Melancon had discovered in the negro's cabin a portion of some things that had been stolen, some nights previously, from a store in the neighborhood. As the slave could give no satisfactory explanation as to the manner in which these things came into his possession, his master determined to punish him, and with that intention took him to the sugar-house to get irons for him. Arrived there, he made the negro (a blacksmith, it seems) forge some manacles for his legs, and while stooping down to try their size, received a blow from the slave which felled him to the earth. The weapon used by the murderer was a huge blacksmith's hammer. Leaving his master for dead, the scoundrel started off, but had not proceeded far when, chancing to look back, he saw his unfortunate victim essaying to rise. He immediately returned and finished his bloody deed, after which he cast the body into a pond, mounted his master's horse and rode off towards the woods. The family of the deceased was soon made acquainted with the dreadful deed, another slave having witnessed the concluding part of the scene. Dogs were obtained and the murderer was hotly pursued. In his flight he abandoned the horse; but the avenger was on his trail, and he doubtless felt the impossibility of escaping. At all events, he emerged from the woods, ran to the river and threw himself in. Before the witnesses of his act came up it was all over—the murderer was drowned.

ASSASSINATION OF MR. C. P. MELANCON.—*Le Meschacebe* of the 31st ult. has the details of the assassination of this young gentleman. The deed was committed in the Parish of St. James, in broad daylight. It appears that a negro man named Touissaint had committed some theft, and Mr. Melancon, in company with two negroes, went to secure him for punishment. The negro was at work in a blacksmith shop. On finding out the object of Mr. Melancon's visit, he made at him with a hammer, and hit him twice on the head; then endeavored to make his escape, but owing to the high water he had to return. Finding that Mr. Melancon was not quite dead, he repeated the blows and killed him outright. He then made his escape on a horse, but was afterwards pursued, caught and put into a skiff, from which he jumped overboard and was drowned. Mr. Melancon leaves a wife and three children—was much esteemed, says *The Baton Rouge Gazette*, and to his scientific attainments are the planters of Louisiana indebted for the introduction of the bi-sulphate of lime in sugar-making.—*N. O. Delta, Aug. 5.*

MURDER BY SLAVES.—*The Trinity* (La.) *Independent* says that George W. Hackler, employed by H. D. Mandeville, as overseer on his plantation near that place, was found dead on the morning of the 1st ult., under circumstances which rendered it highly probable that he had been murdered. A post mortem examination of his body was made by a physician of the neighborhood, but no traces of poison were detected, nor anything noticed that seemed to be satisfactory evidence that violence had been used. After waiting the developments of time, suspicion became strong that Hackler had been murdered by a combination of a number of slaves on the plantation. The suspected parties were arrested and questioned separately and apart from each other. Two negro men made a full confession of their guilt, and, without the possibility of concert, gave the same statement of facts in relation to the murder. Death was produced by suffocation. A sufficient number of the conspirators entered the house of the deceased in the night and perpetrated the horrid act. The two slaves who confessed their participation in the murder were to be tried on the 28th ult.

MURDER IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A young man named Jacob O. Robbins of Wilson County, N. C., was murdered by one of the slaves of his father, near the residence, on the 3d inst. The weapon used was an axe.

ATTEMPT TO ABDUCT THREE SLAVES.—On Monday last our usually quiet community was thrown into the most intense excitement by the confirmation of a report which had been previously circulated, without obtaining much credence, that a white man named George Howard, alias Jack Harrison, had abducted from their masters three slaves; a negro man named Albert, belonging to Mr. P. N. Loving, and two girls, named Betty and Ellen, the property of Mr. R. W. Ogden. The general accredited particulars and facts, ascertained from reliable sources, are as follows:

On last Saturday, the white man—who has been here but a few weeks—and Albert were seen to deposit in a skiff which had been built by them, and was at the time lying in the river near Mr. Robert Strange's, a large tool chest, a seine and other articles preparatory to leaving. The boat being thus prepared and furnished with such articles as were necessary to the prosecution of a river voyage, the three negroes and Harrison entered and embarked from near the bridge, for Canada, as one of the negroes was heard to say when arrested. The stream being a very circuitous and crooked one, and Harrison getting drunk and turning back about six miles, they were enabled to make but little progress towards their destination, until they were brought to a halt a few miles this side of Brown's Lock, on Monday morning, about 10 o'clock, by Messrs. Elihu Jenkins and Wash. Steward, who passed and met them going down the river.

Passing them, in order the better to secure their object, they turned and commanded the fugitives to halt and give themselves up, when the skiff containing them was rowed toward shore. Messrs. Jenkins and Steward promptly followed suit, and, by dint of hard licks well put in, gained the shore a little in advance of the skiff of Harrison and the negroes, and just in time to reach the point to which they were aiming, as they landed. At this juncture Albert raised a double-barrelled gun, which was in their skiff, but, before he could execute his design, Steward seized him by the collar and proceeded to tie him.

Meantime the white man left the skiff, in which the two negro women—who had before been concealed under blankets—still remained, and advanced toward Steward with a drawn bowie-knife, but was repulsed by Mr. Jenkins, who presented a cocked gun, and told him if he did not desist he would shoot him, when Harrison went back to the skiff, and immediately rowed out into the river, despite the orders of Messrs. Jenkins and Steward to surrender or be shot. As soon as the bow of the boat was turned up the river and a flank shot could be had, so as not to endanger the lives of the girls, who had not yet gone ashore, Mr. Steward shot at Harrison five times, first discharging singly the contents of both barrels of a shot-gun and then three shots from a Colt's repeater, all of which failed to take effect. Harrison then gained the opposite shore and made his escape from his pursuers. The two negro girls thus left in charge of the skiff were, without trouble, arrested, and, together with Albert, were brought to town and lodged in jail on Monday evening.

Meantime a company of ten or twelve men was formed here, who armed themselves and proceeded on horseback in search of Harrison. The number was considerably increased when they arrived on the ground by persons living along the river and in the neighborhood of Mr. Jas. Ford's, into whose bottom field he had made his escape. Diligent search was instituted for him until dark, when the party abandoned the project for the night and returned home, reaching town about 9 o'clock.

Yesterday, while an effort was being made to get a large sum subscribed to offer as a reward for his apprehension, the welcome news was brought to town that three young men, Mr. James Heard and the Messrs. Cherry, had captured Harrison on Monday night, about 12 o'clock, near Mr. Stevens's, on his way to this place. Never in our life have we heard of such a state of feeling in this community as then prevailed among our citizens. Many were at the highest pitch of excitement, and all manifested a feverish anxiety to see the "villain," "fiend," "highwayman," &c. Some advised the summary administration of justice by lynching the fellow; others, with more propriety and love of order, counselled coolness and deliberation and a fair and equitable administration of the laws of the State, at the proper time and by the legally constituted authorities.

Harrison soon arrived, and was, with considerably more order and quiet than might have been expected, conducted into the Court-house, where Messrs. John Burnham, J. C. Wilkins, P. Hines and John H. Graham entreated the immense and excited crowd to be guilty of no act of violence, but permit the offender to have a fair trial by due course of law. It was evident from the loud and prolonged cheers with which the law and order remarks of those gentlemen were greeted that there was not the most remote danger of our heretofore law-abiding and peace-loving community being the scene of a disgraceful and lawless mob. There were probably eight or ten persons who advocated the summary punishment of the culprit; but we are satisfied their sober, second thought will indorse the course pursued as the only one consistent with law and good order, and the reputation of the county and town, and indeed the only one at all consistent with the ends of justice.

After warrants were duly issued, the prisoner was adjudged guilty of five charges made against him—three of abducting slaves, one of having in his possession counterfeiting tools, dies, &c., and another of felony—and held to bail in the sum of $10,000—$2,000 for each—in default of which he was committed to jail to await his final trial at the next term of the Criminal Court, in February next.—*Bowling Green (Va.) Gazette, 10th.*

DESPERATE RUNAWAY.—The Paris (Ky.) *Citizen* of the 5th says: On Saturday night, or Sunday, two negro men, one belonging to W. B. Rogers, and the other to Joseph Wilson, of this county, ran away from their masters, in company with another negro belonging to Mr. Rogers, who escaped to Canada last fall, and who, it seems, returned to take away the others. They were seen by a party of Irishmen, near Fairview, beyond the Blue Licks, who attempted to arrest them. The negroes resisted. The Canadian was armed with a revolver and fired six shots. Another of the negroes also had a pistol. In the conflict one white man had a thumb shot off, and one of the negroes belonging to Mr. Rogers was killed. Mr. Wilson's man was taken, and has been brought back. The Canadian was also taken, but escaped from his captors and was at large at last accounts.

LYNCH LAW IN TEXAS—A SCENE OF TERROR.—Last fall, a preacher, named John Donegan, received five hundred lashes from a leather strap, administered in the presence of a large audience of the citizens of Ellis County, Texas, from the hands of a big negro. He was whipped because the citizens of Ellis believed him guilty of arson, burglary, horse-stealing and tampering with negroes. He was also banished from the county. On the 16th of June last, however, it was understood that Donegan was back in the county; that he was coming to Waxahachie, and intended to bring friends with him to defend himself against all opposition. In confirmation of the report, too, one of Donegan's friends, named John W. Bushby, and Donegan's brother, suddenly appeared, well armed, and saying that Donegan should come back next day, at all hazards. The citizens of Waxahachie, upon this, became highly excited. Consequently, as soon as the sun arose, men, armed and mounted, were seen riding, in small squads, out of town, and this continued till near 8 o'clock. All went in the same direction of the Donegan and Bushby neighborhood. It was estimated that near one hundred persons, thus armed and equipped, left town that morning. What they intended doing was a mystery. Before night, however, their design was manifest. They had gone in pursuit of and killed both Bushby and John Donegan. Bushby was shot in the hands, arms, breast and side, and had more than a dozen mortal wounds. Donegan was also riddled with rifle balls.

MURDER OF AN OVERSEER BY A NEGRO.—The Mobile *Tribune*, of the 14th inst., says:

We learn from Mr. Geo. Fowler, conductor of the Mobile and Ohio railroad, that on Monday morning, the 12th inst., a negro man belonging to Mr. Winston, residing at Red Bluff, killed the overseer (Mr. Davis), at the plantation. It appears that the overseer, in attempting to punish the negro for some misdemeanor, was struck three times with a heavy axe, the blade being buried at each blow in his breast. Mr. Davis died immediately. The excitement in the neighborhood was so great that it was with difficulty that the negro was kept from being lynched.

A POOR REFUGE FOR THE OPPRESSED.—A runaway slave was discovered in the attic of a Methodist church at Washington, D. C., on a recent Sunday morning. He had lived there for four or five months, unsuspected, had used up the communion wine, and picked up his food by nightly sorties into the neighboring pantries. His taking refuge at the altar did not save him from a whipping, or from being sold to the slave-traders.

A SLAVE MOTHER DROWNS HER CHILD.—A negro woman belonging to Mr. James Thornton, of Rappahannock County, Va., was committed to jail on Monday last, charged with drowning her child. She confesses the crime, but says she intended to drown herself also, and jumped in the river with the child in her arms, but floated to the bank. She has been taken to Rappahannock Co., and lodged in jail to await her trial.—*Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer.*

A SLAVE KILLING HER BABE.—We learn that, on Sunday last, a slave woman, about 45 years of age, owned by Mr. Cleveland, of Florence, Ky., gave birth to a child, and that she took the infant by the heels and beat its brains out! She then threw it over a fence and covered it with rails. A few hours after, it was discovered by persons belonging to the household, who happened to pass by, when it was found that the face of the child and one leg had been nearly eaten off by the hogs. The woman was accused of the crime, but at first denied it. A physician was sent for, who examined her person, and found that she had recently given birth to a child. The mother then acknowledged her guilt, and gave as a reason for the murder of her infant that she would not raise up children to work for others all their lives.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

OVERSEER MURDERED BY A NEGRO.—We learn from the Aberdeen (Miss.) *Sunny South* that Mr. Ford, overseer on the plantation of Mr. John A. Walker, in Monroe County, about twelve miles below that place, was killed by one of the negroes, on Sunday, the 1st inst. The *Sunny South* says:

The facts, as elicited by the jury of inquest, are that the negro had been ordered by the overseer, shortly after daylight, to attend to a mule that had been neglected. The negro responded that it was not his business to see about the mules, and refused to do as he was commanded. Whereupon the overseer, with the assistance of two negroes, tied the offender and locked him up in the smoke-house. About an hour after, Mr. Ford went to the smoke-house, attended by his wife, for the purpose of getting out meat for breakfast. The overseer unlocked the door, and, stooping to pass, went in. As he entered the negro struck him with the axle-tree of a spinning-wheel, felling him to the floor. Mrs. Ford's cries brought some of the negroes to the scene of action, when the unfortunate man was borne, bleeding and cruelly mangled, to his residence. Dr. G. S. Bryant was soon in attendance, but the skull was fractured, and Mr. Ford died about 11 o'clock. The negro attempted to escape, but was pursued with dogs, and soon overtaken. He was immediately committed to jail, and now awaits that justice which will surely overtake him.

A WHITE SLAVE DECLARED FREE.—*Mason County, Ky., August, 1858.*—On August 11 and 12, one of the most exciting cases ever occurring in this section of country, and one, too, in which the feelings of all were deeply enlisted, came before the Circuit Court. The circumstances of the case, briefly stated, are these: About a year and a half since, a woman was arrested by order of a man named Dodson (acting as agent for one Mrs. Goddard), and brought to our town and lodged in a negro jail for safe-keeping until further disposition could be made of her person—the intention of the person or persons ordering her arrest undoubtedly being to sell her to go down South.

Seeing what appeared to every one a white woman held in bondage as a *slave*, and confined in a negro jail, enlisted the deepest feeling on her behalf. She was immediately taken from her captivity, a bond was drawn and signed by some of our most worthy citizens for her security, and she returned to her home and her friends. The truth of the matter was this: she had been held as a slave for more than twenty years, and, to make it appear more fully that she was a slave, her so-called owner had recognized her marriage with a negro man, which she, ignorant that she was not a slave, had consented to. Thus was a dark veil thrown over the scene, to blind more fully those who much sooner would have looked into and ferreted out this unprecedented case. When her alleged owners found out that she intended suing for her freedom, upon the ground that she was not a negro, but a white woman, with not a particle of negro blood in her veins, they had her arrested and lodged in jail, so as to sell her to go South, thus getting her out of the way, and thereby relieving themselves of further trouble.

But, thanks be to God, they were checked in their double-dyed villany. A suit for her freedom was instantly instituted, and on Tuesday and Wednesday the trial came off in our Circuit Court, the sequel of which is as follows:

The very ablest counsel of which our bar can boast had enlisted themselves in her behalf—not from any expectation of any pecuniary reward or gain, for they expected none; they knew they would receive none; their reward was simply the privilege of being able to give "justice to her to whom justice was due," and their gain to know that she was FREE.

Witnesses were called one after another, the substance of whose evidence showed clearly the villany of the whole case; that the plotting and counter-plotting had been laid so deeply that, for more than twenty years, it had escaped the observation of inquisitive eyes; that the father of the woman was Mr. Goddard, whose widow claims her as a slave; that her mother was a respectable white woman, who has since been married and removed to a Western State with her husband; that when this woman was born, he (Goddard) placed her in the possession of one of his slaves (a light mulatto woman), with the injunction that she should rear it as though it were her own child; that this mulatto was threatened if she divulged the secret of the child's true parentage, or acknowledged that she was not its mother, even to the unfortunate child, that her life should be the immediate penalty. Knowing, as she did, the sternness of her master, it is not strange how well she kept the secret.

That Mrs. Goddard knew this woman's parentage is not doubted; for evidence presented proves that on one occasion she introduced her as her daughter, and on another, to secure her property from attachment, she had secreted her slaves, retaining this woman in her house, so that when the officers came and were about to take this woman, she told them that she was a white woman, and not her slave.

The witnesses being all examined and disposed of, then came the argument to the jury. But who are they who constitute this jury? Would they be capable of rendering an impartial decision? They were pro-slavery men—and more, too, all of them were slaveholders. Messrs. John D. Taylor, Richard H. Stanton and Wm. H. Wadsworth, the able counsel for the prosecution, making their happiest and ablest efforts, while the trifling array of counsel in the defence had but little to say; but that little was much worse than should have been said.

The case being thus submitted to the jury, they retired to prepare their verdict. Language is inadequate to express the suspense then prevalent in the crowded Court-room; and when the jury returned, and the foreman answered the question of the Judge that they were agreed, so still and death-like was the crowded hall that the dropping of a pin, or even the slightest breath, would have been perfectly audible, while they waited for the breaking of the sealed verdict. But when the seal was broken, and the verdict that the prisoner, though prisoner no longer, was free, one universal and long-continued shout of applause rent the air. The counsel who labored so strenuously in her behalf know not how great is their reward. The sequel shows that justice in Kentucky is justice still.—*Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.*

POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

POPULAR sovereignty as exhibited in South Carolina is nothing but an imposture. Six districts in the rice and Sea-Island cotton region, where the slave population is most dense, containing 49,503 whites, elect a majority of the Senate, leaving in the remainder of the State a minority representing 209,084 whites! In 11 districts, 77,939 whites elect 28 Senators and 64 Representatives, while 18 districts, having 181,145 whites, elect only 17 Senators and 60 Representatives. It is thus apparent that less than a third of the white population in the negro region have supreme control of the State. The third elects the Legislature, and that body appoints the Judiciary, from

knowledge. One after another has been carried out to his grave, after a longer or shorter pinning. What else can Baylis, or his wretched wife, and his children thus strangely orphaned, expect in his case? Forty years!

Yet we are disposed to think that nobody else believes the sentence will be executed, if, contrary to expectation, the man should live under such a weight of penalty. Besides the instinct of common sense that such laws cannot go on to be executed for forty years in a republic which is only eighty years old at this hour, there are more definite reasons for hope that the victim may be released ere very long. It is under slaveholders' law that he suffers; and the slaveholders are (as the world should ever remember) only 350,000 in a population of 27 millions. They are even no more than three-tenths of the white population of their own States. No sane man can believe that so insignificant a minority will sustain laws and punishments like this, when once the majority not only of the nation, but of their immediate neighbours, shall have become sensible of the disgrace in the eyes of the world of such unparalleled inhumanity. Nobody supposes that the crisis can be deferred forty years; and whenever it happens, the prison doors will be thrown open to such victims of the slave system as Captain Baylis. We call him simply a victim, for, by his own account, he is no martyr. He is the victim of laws for the protection of an untenable kind of property—of laws which inflict upon him more than three times the punishment for giving a passage in his vessel to fugitive slaves that he would have incurred in a neighboring State for the foulest of murders. Whenever Americans assemble, on the 4th of July, or any other day, it must surely be felt as a national disgrace and misfortune that any of their group of republics should be in this age resorting to severities of punishment for a conventional offence for which the most retrograde State in Europe would be despised and reprobated. Surely the vast republican majority will separate themselves from the humiliation.

SLAVE LABOR—A WEALTHY COMMUNITY.

The parish of St. Mary, in Louisiana, has been always known to be industrious and prosperous. It is exclusively agricultural; lying in the Têche region, and cultivated with slave labor, by a class of quiet, refined and intelligent planters. The assessment roll of the parish for this year, which we find condensed in the Attakapas *Register*, published at Franklin, in that parish, enables us to see at a glance the solid grounds of that opinion, and to present them, as studies, to those economists who talk flippantly of the imperfect results of slave labor. What would hireling labor have done in St. Mary for the whites or the blacks? The population of St. Mary, by these assessment rolls, consists of 4,021 whites of all ages and sexes, and 12,019 slaves. We do not see the number of free negroes stated, but by the preceding census, five years ago, they numbered 585.

The slave property is assessed at $6,433,250, averaging $535 25 as the value of each slave; and about $1,600 a head of slave property for every white man, woman and child in the parish.

The total assessed valuation of all the taxable property in the parish is $13,978,169, or within a trifle of $3,500 a head for every white inhabitant.

The number of plantations in the parish is 171, and the number of acres cultivated and in swamp lands is 279,547, of which the assessed valuation is $5,948,100.

It is difficult to state from this with accuracy the average value of the cultivated land, which is returned at 59,326 acres. The estimate in the *Register* takes $5 per acre as the average of the swamp lands, and deducts from the aggregate the estimated value of the town lots and buildings in the towns at $610,000. The average deducted from all the circumstances is that the cultivated land in St. Mary is to be valued at $65 62 per acre—an estimate which the writer himself is startled with, but he can only amend it by estimating some of the uncultivated land at more than $5 an acre, or in supposing the number of cultivated acres understated. The figures will bear no other alteration, and they show at all events an extraordinary state of prosperity.

The products of these 171 plantations for the year ending with the crops of 1857 are estimated by the prices furnished in New Orleans, viz., Sugar at $55 net per hogshead, molasses at 6 1-4 net, corn at 70 cents, and cotton at $40 per bale, although only 40 bales were raised in the parish.

The total value of the products raised, viz., 31,915 hogsheads of sugar, 41 309 barrels molasses, 401,600 bushels of corn, and smaller products, is put down at $2,316,553 50. The average production is therefore $39, and a small fraction per acre of the cultivated lands. Taking the excess of 2,019 over 10,000 as the estimate of slaves employed other than in agriculture, the production of every slave on the plantation men, women and children, exceeded $231 a head, and, if we take only the working hands must be nearly $500 a head. The product for every white person, of every age and sex, averaged $576 a head.

The plantations being 171, the average of each plantation was $13,547 09.

These are the gross receipts. The following are the estimates made of the net income. The molasses on plantations is estimated as paying current expenses, and the other products, excepting sugar, as consumed on the place. The sugar, therefore, is net profit. This amounted to $1,755 325.

Each slave, therefore, netted his master $175 a year, or nearly 33 per cent. on his assessed value.

The summing up is as follows:

The 171 plantations have an average value each of $72,188, an average net income of $10,265. There are 970 voters in the parish, and it follows that if it were equally divided among the white population, each would receive $3 407 82; if shared among the 970 voters, each would receive $14 410 48; if shared among the whole population, including whites, negroes and Indians, there would be for each $839 88.

The number of slaves being 12,019, there are three to each white in the parish, over twelve to each voter, and over seventy to each plantation.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SLAVERY INVOKES THE NATIONAL POWER—NO MORE FILIBUSTERING.

The events of the last ten years have satisfied the Slavery Propaganda that they cannot extend their favorite institution by filibustering, or private war. Wherever they have tried it, they have failed, and reflection has convinced them that the causes of their failure are intrinsic and invincible.

The most favorable test was afforded them in Nicaragua, where General Walker's power was long undisputed, and where no physical obstacle existed to any amount of slaveholding immigration. Not a single slave was carried there from first to last, and General Walker's decree, re-establishing slavery, was a complete nullity in practice. Slaves are valuable, and slaveholders are timid. They want the protection of a solid and well-established political power, which they did not see in the dynasty of Gen. Walker, and which they will not see in the dynasty of any other filibuster. They will attempt no further territorial progress on this continent, except under the flag of the American Union.

The case of Texas is not a precedent to the contrary. That country was not wrested from Mexico by invading filibusters, but was in the actual and peaceful occupation of American colonists, when the difficulties commenced which compelled those colonists to assert and maintain their independence.

Filibustering, *per se*, has never accomplished anything. In Sonora, Lower California, Nicaragua, and Cuba, it has entailed wretched sufferings and miserable deaths upon thousands of deluded men, but has failed always, and failed everywhere.

The Propaganda, relying no longer upon filibustering, which has proved a broken reed, have turned now to the strong arm of the National Government, to give success to their schemes. They are helpless themselves, but they are powerful in their political control of the resources of a great nation.

The cue is now to let Gen. Walker stand aside, and leave Mr. Buchanan to accomplish the work. And it must be confessed that the President is moving bravely. He is displaying the American fleet to coerce Nicaragua into the ratification of a treaty which destroys her independence, by permitting the military occupation of her soil, at the pleasure of the President of the United States. If he has done all this without color of law, what would he not have done if Judge Douglas had succeeded in his proposition to invest the Executive with the war power, as against the Spanish American Republics?

We have been led to make these observations by the report of a speech of Mr. Savage, a Representative in Congress from Tennessee, delivered before his constituents at Carthage, on the 26th of July, in which the foreign policy of the Propaganda is very broadly and distinctly laid down.

Mr. Savage said:

"Cuba would have been ours long ago but for the intriguing policy of Great Britain, whose state-men openly advocated the liberation of the slaves, to destroy the benefits arising from acquisition. England had intrigued to prevent the annexation of Texas; she had fraudulently secured the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, thereby preventing the extension of American influence and institutions upon nations that every proximity, state of society, &c., required.

"He would do nothing by indirection, and would favor no policy he dared not avow before the world; *he was opposed to filibustering, because, as heretofore attempted, all efforts were necessarily failures; nor did he see anything now to make him hope for anything but disaster from expeditions likely to be gotten up hereafter.* He thought it the duty of our nation to accept the issue tendered by England; she had interfered to arrest the further extension of our dominions South, and influence with Mexico and Central American States. He thought Cuba, *no matter at what cost*, was preferable to the perpetual disturbance of the peace which has occurred in the Gulf for the last ten years."

Mr. Savage is opposed to filibustering, not upon any moral scruple, but as certain to result in "*disaster.*" Mr. Savage wants "OUR NATION" to take up the pro-slavery battles, and fight them out, never doubting that "OUR NATION" is strong enough to do it successfully. With "OUR NATION" on his side, Mr. Savage regards neither danger nor expense. Like a roystering youngster on a spree, with a rich father to settle the score, Mr. Savage laughs at dollars. Cuba, "*no matter at what cost,*" so long as "OUR NATION" foots the bill. A hundred millions of dollars is a good deal of money, but what of that, if Northern Shylocks will lend it, or if Northern laborers will pay it by being taxed upon their tea and coffee? Mr. Savage does not mean to fight any battles himself, or have his constituents fight any. Like a sensible man, he wants "OUR NATION" to "*accept the issue tendered by England,*" and fight it out, and especially to the paying, which is not at all in the line of the Propaganda.

It may be that "OUR NATION" will become restive at last under these incessant calls upon its purse and resources to carry out the schemes of half-a-dozen States on the Gulf of Mexico. The "*cost*" may be "*no matter*" to Mr. Savage, but may be a very serious matter to those who have to pay it. Cuba, at a hundred millions, is an expensive luxury, and especially in hard times.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

THE AMERICAN SPHINX.

The last number of the London *Punch* has for its cartoon, or chief illustration, "The French Sphinx, or the Riddle of the Present." Louis Napoleon, crouched as the Sphinx, is looking towards England, and the Riddle to be read is, of course, what designs he has revolving in his mind as he looks. It is not of much moment what they are. Nothing can well be more unsubstantial than his power, overshadowing as it seems to be at this moment. It is a shadow cast only by his own detestable person, and as soon as that substance is removed, by natural death, or by the assassination which is the natural death of tyrants, the fear which his shadow casts over the nations on which it falls will pass away, or take some newer shape. There is nothing dynastic about the Bonapartean tyranny. It represents nothing that inheres in the French mind. It is a mere accident of history, which has not had time, and never will have, to grow into an institution. Therefore, the dread which has really proceeded forth from his presence and filled England even with ominous conjecture as to his designs will disappear with himself, or refer itself to some other object between herself and the light of peace and security.

It is otherwise with the Sphinx that proposes the enigma of our national life or death to us. It depends on no one man's existence. The individuals that incarnate it from generation to generation may die and disappear; but the Power that offers us the dire riddle of our fate never ceases to be. Our sovereign, like that of English law, cannot die. It bears a charmed life and a factitious immortality. It lies right across the path of our destiny, and propounds the question which we must solve or die to all the due purposes of a rational being; or, being solved, the portentous monster perishes in the answering. It is more than two centuries since it first waylaid the inhabitants of this continent, and it is scarcely the quarter part of one since any of them addressed themselves in earnest to the solution of the treacherous problem. How is it to be reached? By what ingenuity of man is it to be grasped and its mystery unfolded? And what progress has been made towards plucking out its heart? Are we any nearer the destruction of Slavery from a better understanding of the nature of the snare she has laid for us, and in which we have been so long and so fatally entangled, and from a more resolute purpose to extricate ourselves from its meshes, at any hazard?

It must be confessed that it does not look, at the first glance, as if these questions were capable of the affirmative they should compel. The shadow appears, at least, to have gone backward on the dial of public morality since fifty years ago. The slave trade, which was then made a piracy, is like to receive its free grace and to be rehabilitated in the entirety of its rights of robbery and murder. The English nation, which, for near that space of time, had exercised, so to speak, the Protectorate of the African Race, has laid down its office at our bullying bidding. It discovers that it never claimed the right which underlies and inheres in the essence of the duty of suppressing the slave trade. It spikes its cannon, calls off its sea-dogs, permits a parti-colored rag shaken in their face to muzzle their jaws, and the piracy of the trade in African negroes to be carried on unmolested under the very prowess of its war-ships. Our own retrogressions in public morality we expect. They belong to the conditions of our political existence. We can no more help having our whole head sick and our whole heart faint, while we foster such a black plague as the essential element of the health of our Commonwealth, than the *crétins*, who hold that their *goîtres* are what make them sound and beautiful, can do otherwise than grow more and more hideous unto the death. But we had hoped that the contagion of our iniquity would not stretch itself over the intervening ocean and blast our wholesome brother. But so it seems to be.

The French despot, too, has tried his hand at infusing the venomous blood of Slavery into the veins of the Liberty that has extended her reign of blessing over the islands of the Western sea for ten full years. He has felt his hands strengthened in this wickedness by the example of the Republic that is throned by the West. He knew that he could reckon on the countenance of our silence, if not on the coöperation of our public policy. And the crookedness of our ways, and the lies which are our refuge, have shortened the arm of England in this direction also, and hindered effectual interposition until the corner-stone of the new policy was well laid and the first holocaust of victims offered up on it by way of dedication due. And as the Sphinx that broods over us like the *night*—"a master o'er a slave"—is plotting how to make her riddle the harder yet to read by complicating its terms still more inextricably through thieveries of new lands and fair islands fitted for the sway of ruin, the help that we had looked for from the selfishness of the Balance of Power seems like to be withdrawn from our hope. We had thought, and have ever maintained, that France and England would never permit the United States to absorb Cuba, either by force or bribery, Spain consenting or resisting, because of the disturbance of that balance of hostilities which is supposed to conduce to the peace of the world. But a change seems to have come over the spirit of this old dream of England's mission to keep the world in order. The Thunderer of *The Times* out of a calm sky has uttered an omen favorable to our hopes—"*in parte serena lævum intonuit*"—and claims to embody the average of English feeling and opinion in the propitious sound. From France, Slavery clearly has nothing to fear by way of interference between her and her designs, when they are ready to be turned into history.

While the Slave Power is thus at ease in its possessions and its purposes, as far as foreign invasions are concerned, it does not seem to be in much more immediate danger from domestic insurrections. The Republican party, in clearing its decks for the action which is to take place in 1860, is careful to throw overboard all suspicion of any particular objection to Slavery in her own proper person. It is rather a Pickwickian antipathy it feels towards her, not at all touching her essence; but only her accidents. She is by no means a Monster of such horrid mien that she is necessarily hated at first sight, nor is there the smallest objection in life to her embracing anybody or anything she fancies; only, she is not to be permitted to compel men, who hate her, to embrace her against their will. Surely, there never was a warfare waged in a spirit of greater moderation, of a milder mood and one pursuing more diligently the things that pertain unto peace, than this one. All that the Republican party professes to do is to hold the bottle in the fight between Slavery and Liberty and see that there is fair play in the ring. If Liberty gets the better, it may rejoice in moderation; if Slavery win the belt, it may be sorry, but it may not interfere to save poor Liberty from the punishment she is getting. No aggression on Slavery is proposed—it is even vehemently disclaimed—not even to prevent its extension absolutely, but only to protest against its being forced upon any portion of the country which holds it to be fatal to its material development, by the combined power of the whole nation. If any Territory, made dedicate to Freedom by the Ordinance of 1787, is content to be overrun by slaves and to give its weight in the national balance against Liberty, the Republican party has no word to say against it, by way of prohibition. It is homœopathy as applied to politics that it practises in its treatment of the distempers of the land "to purge it to a sound and pristine health."

Now, these conditions in which we find ourselves, at home and abroad, do not seem to be very favorable to a speedy unriddling of the enigma in which the destinies of our Sphinx and of ourselves are bound up together. If it cannot be wisely solved, we die; if its answer be divined, its propounder perishes from the earth forever. Do we despair of this happy issue? Not at all. If the Abolitionists had taken counsel of flesh and blood, would they have endured unto this day? Surely, not. The life of the Anti-Slavery Movement consists in a faith that there is, in the noble words of Lord Erskine, "an arm fighting against the oppressions of Freedom stronger than any arm of flesh, and that the great progressions of the world, in spite of the confederacies of power and the conspiracies of corruption, move on with a steady pace, and arrive in the end at a happy and glorious consummation!" And this not by any supernatural interposition, but by the normal action of the spirit that is in man, and the passions that are its ministers. Bonaparte does not represent the average of French opinion. *The Times* is not the authentic oracle of all English thought. Seething brains and burning hearts are impatient for the day when they can become beneficent powers of Nature and be felt as influences and not dreaded as eruptions. Neither Bonaparte nor his Senate, nor Lord Derby nor his Parliament, can permanently control the sway of the public opinion of France and England, and we have faith to believe that that sway will yet receive a righteous direction against our Slavery. Neither do the Republican Conventions and newspapers and speech-makers fitly express the Anti-Slavery mind of the nation, here. The rank and file are furlongs ahead of their officers in this battle. Even ambition must at last learn that it has no hope but in relying on the principles of the soul and arousing the passions of the heart, and directing both against the existence and not merely the extension of Slavery. The utter rout which awaits the Republican party in 1860, and the unbridled excesses into which Slavery will be betrayed by its triumph, may help to indicate the true and only solution of the enigma, and lead men earnestly and deliberately to answer it by another, full of wisdom and of fate, "read us, now, why is the half more than the whole?"

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A friend of our cause in England, who desires to aid this Society in the most effectual manner by all possible coöperation, asks of us such a statement of the purposes, plans, principles, past history, present position and future prospects of the American Anti-Slavery Society, as he may present in a single general view to his countrymen. We hasten to comply with the request.

The object of the American Anti-Slavery Society is not to free the United States from reproach, but to abolish slavery; not to save the Church from the disgrace of upholding or the risk of denouncing sin, but to abolish slavery; not to promote any special creed, religious system or theological dogma, but to abolish slavery; not to extirpate heresy, but to abolish slavery; not to build up itself as an institution, but to abolish slavery; not to educate here and there a black man, but a whole nation, of whatever races composed, to abolish slavery; not to ameliorate the condition of the enslaved, but to abolish slavery; not to manumit single captives, but to abolish slavery; not to smuggle slaves out of the country, but to abolish slavery; not to found exclusive colored institutions, but to abolish slavery; not to secure a sectional or partisan triumph, but to abolish slavery.

The American Anti-Slavery Society never loses sight of its great purpose, and hence it has had the satisfaction of awakening ecclesiastical, political and individual conscience in the United States to an extraordinary degree. Deeply penetrated with the ruin, the cruelty, the disgrace, the error, the impiety, the prejudice, the exclusion, the ignorance, the barbarism with which the century is overcast, and finding the pregnant cause of the whole in slavery, it deals its blows at the root; and with every blow struck, it has the satisfaction of seeing a higher standard of national character gradually obtaining, and the condition of the slaves improving, as the attention of the world is turned to observe the dreadful effects of this cardinal wrong and outrage against human nature.

In exact proportion to the success of this Society in educating the American people for the abolition of slavery, it has seen prejudice abating, while railroad conveyances, public schools and colleges are opened to the people of color, and Congressional and State action are slowly conforming to its ideas and demands, and every year the number of manumissions, redemptions and refugees from slavery is increased, and every day the people become more and more clearly cognizant of the fact that the slavery of the South is to the North subjugation, imposition, pillage.

The American Anti-Slavery Society began its labors more than twenty-five years ago. Its object being thus distinct, and contrary to the interests of its members—its determination not to use the community for its own aggrandizement, under pretence of serving a great cause, but to arouse and direct the national energies to the abolition of slavery—its glory is that the nation is aroused; while its own accessions of numbers have never more than replaced its dead, and its own treasury has never been able to give its agents and advocates what the world calls a fair living. It does not desire contributions for any such purpose. It is thus that this van of the movement is kept free from that incumbrance of selfish help that clogs all the feeble movements with which the American Society has leavened the times. There is not a single person permanently connected with any of its agencies who has not laid down his prospects in life a hundred times over, serving the cause in nobleness of disinterested love; not one who would not be shocked at the idea of making anything out of it for himself; not one who, were the slaves at this moment freed, could not enter into the common field of the world's labors, and enrich and aggrandize himself. These are the facts that give the words of the co-workers of the American Anti-Slavery Society the inevitable authority with which they fall upon the hearts of a people not yet good enough to adopt their example, though beginning already to look to the cause as a means of enrichment and advancement.

The principles and methods of action of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be all generally described by the words immediate, unconditional, peaceful, uncompromising. There has never, since the world was, been any difficulty in finding plenty of bargaining, compromising advocates for gradual and military methods, while only by the utmost effort can a few be found patient, resolute, diligent, constant, unyielding. Such, at the present American crisis, are embodied in the American Anti-Slavery Society; and their existence ensures that of the long train of variously constituted followers that crowd irregularly after it, according to their several degrees of warmth of heart, clearness of head, and deliberate devotedness, some claiming and some denying its affinity, while all of them are the natural consequences of its action and advance.

Though neither a sect nor a party, the religious and political action of the American Anti-Slavery Society is of the widest and profoundest character. If this nation be saved from the debasement of military despotism and ecclesiastical subjugation at the hands of the slaveholding oligarchy that has subverted republican government, it will be owing to the determination of the American Anti-Slavery Society to abolish slavery. No competent philosophical observer of cause and effect can for a moment doubt it.* More blessings there must needs be in its train, beyond the scope of its plan and purpose (else, indeed, it were the one exception in the historical succession of men's beneficent acts); but we are not now called to speak of these. It is at present only incumbent upon us to follow out its principles, in their modification of its measures. Its demand for the immediate abolition of slavery being unconditional, it abjures colonization as necessarily a safety-valve to the institution by drawing off the most capable and intelligent, and therefore most dangerous, slaves (as the system accounts them), and by deadening the best masters' consciences, while offering a substitute for abolition and an excuse for the longer continuance of slavery. It abjures the idea of compensation for a change which will be all gain and no loss, except to the few great slaveholders of their bad political eminence, and to their overseers and drivers in Congress or on the plantation, all of whom are so seasonably warned as to obviate all risks but those of their own delay. For those who impoverish themselves to implant the idea of emancipation, freeing their slaves individually, against the laws of their States and the will of their neighbors, *they* are the *abolitionists*, for whom no one ever dreams of claiming compensation, and who would not accept it if it were offered. The thorough examination instituted by the American Anti-Slavery Society of the peculiar circumstances of the United States, as well as the testimony it has procured concerning the effects of emancipation in British and other West India Islands, shows that there is no difficulty in the way but the ignorance and selfishness, lapsing into barbarism, of the white enslaving population, and that this is daily becoming less under the effect of the constant and varied action excited by this potent influence. The demand, in short, is the all-sufficient preparation. From a uniform state first of apathy and then of opposition, the American Anti-Slavery Society has brought more than half the people up to the comparatively high, though positively far too low, mark of refusing to sanction the further extension of slavery.* In lucky in the slave States, the American Anti-Slavery Society has been enabled, by its quarter of a century of propagandism—which, being in harmony with the religious and political principles which the nation professes, has entered as a solvent into almost every sectarian and partisan movement in the land—to initiate a new order of things. Its economy of means and influence has been as rigid as its adherence to its principles and object. It has never wasted its associated funds and energies in single manumissions, while its influence has made even the pro-slavery public buy out of bondage a few persons from among the enslaved millions—a thousand-fold more in the aggregate than could have been redeemed had all its own funds been directly so expended. It has never strengthened prejudice by obeying its mandates in founding schools and organizing churches exclusively for people of color; but such institutions have sprung up in its track in greater numbers than it could have directly founded, while its own funds and energies have liberalized and humanized the public mind to a degree that may be read in the improved statutes and usages of the States where it has spent most effort, whereby the people of color are admitted with the whites to the equal educational advantages of the public schools and colleges.

The American Society has never, as such, occupied itself in combatting any honest plan, however unwise or mistaken, growing out of the kindly emotion and half-awakened intellect, which yet lacked knowledge, generosity or self-denial to turn its labors into the most advantageous channels for the cause. It has bidden the partially awakened Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Whig, Democrat and Free-Soiler alike God-speed, though conscious that none of the many movements it has excited are as yet free enough from the alloy of self-seeking to assail their obstacles in such a wise as to subserve the Anti-Slavery cause at their *own* cost. Only when the existence of this Society has been assailed on account of its success, by the selfishness its course could not but expose, has it ever concerned itself to do battle with knavery and hypocrisy abusing the name of the cause; for its functions are neither penal nor judicial, but only critical and advisory.

The American Anti-Slavery Society has resisted every temptation to send fugitive slaves out of the country, since it is no way to abolish slavery to cower before it by evading instead of defying its requisitions. Only through the latter means can the fact of birth be made the all-sufficient proof of the freedom of a human being, agreeably to the Constitutions of the free States; never by yielding to its violence can public opinion be so renovated as to make the touch of the soil it protects a means of abolition. In no other way than by this identification with the enslaved can the true lesson with regard to slavery, or a sufficient motive to profit by it, be given to the slaveholding States.

Here it is proper to state that the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are the effectual vigilance committees, numbering among them individuals who can count by thousands the victims whom they have rescued, while the really important efforts of the Society—the ones that awaken all the public sympathy which aids the single fugitive or the single hundred of fugitives—are expended to destroy slavery itself.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, though it can exclude no one (but the actual, persistent slaveholder) from its ranks, nor confer any special privilege on sex or color in its counsels and administration, nor exercise excommunicatory power, nor make any inquisition into belief, does never, on any consideration, sustain the unworthy in its agencies. No matter how black in color or able in intellect, an immoral character or a treacherous and selfish course is an immediate disqualification for its employ; for to sustain dishonesty and treachery, whether in black men or white, is to injure and dishonor the cause, to sustain an agency for the slaveholder and his interests against the slave. This cashiering of the unworthy and the corrupted will always from time to time occasion misunderstandings, but that is an unimportant consideration.

The American Anti-Slavery Society can only be judged by its true and steady course and by its signal success; for, by the necessity of the case, it can have no creed. Neither can it divert its funds or agencies to the promotion of the denominational doctrines, views and opinions of its individual members, or check the expression of any man's belief. It bids all, on the contrary, to cast themselves into this conflict in the name of all *they* worship and believe. Since slavery is upheld and carried on by persons of all opinions, the only course possible to an influential national Society is to unite persons of all opinions for its abolition.

Thus organized and conducted, so as to interfere with no man's freedom of conscience, stands this Society, in deadly antagonism with the thing that is dragging the world backward into barbarism. The work next in order before it is to obtain, by operation on the public mind through lecturing, publishing and petitioning to government, such a change in the laws as that the so-called free States shall be delivered from all complicity with slavery; now they are held to return fugitives to the torture of the lash; and every individual, disabled by law from sheltering them, who aids in hurrying them out of the country as the only poor service which the Northern white slaves of slavery *can* perform, is liable to fine and crushing imprisonment if detected. The object now before the Society is to make it illegal to return fugitive slaves, and thus to cover them and those who are engaged in abolishing slavery with the protection of an entire change of public opinion on this matter.

In this work the Society is, of course, like them that storm the breach under fire—

"The full of hope, misnamed 'forlorn'"—

entirely alone. No party, as a party, sustains it; no church, as a church, bids it God-speed. This is true of foreign lands no less than of America. All the peoples that speak the English language are so nearly one in the business operations and interests of the hour that scarcely a breath of encouragement, except with the voice of women and political exiles, comes from abroad to the American Anti-Slavery Society; and the Church and the world are so nearly one as to conspire to suffocate religious sympathy; and well-meaning individuals abroad, whose hearts are right on the question, are tempted to the exercise of the same discreditable ingenuity as those at home to evade the obligation, imposed by magnanimity and humanity, of sustaining the Society that stands in the forefront of this great battle, and which has acquitted itself there with a fidelity in this age quite unexampled.

A few there are abroad, whose names here rush to the lips, who early examined the cause raised by the American Anti-Slavery Society in behalf of millions of Americans, whose enslavement perils liberty and justice and deadens every sentiment of duty the whole world over. But this short statement is not the place for names or expressions of gratitude, nor do the friends and co-workers of this Society abroad desire thanks or acknowledgments for a clearness of intellect which enabled them to discern between cause and effect, and a courageous rectitude of benevolence which impelled them to join their efforts to the real and leading influence, instead of excusing themselves for neglect and opposition by seeking for their exertions some small channel of questionable anti-slavery efficacy. Neither is this the place to expose mistake, cowardice, deception or meanness, all cherished by the slaveholding interest and often through the fairest-seeming channels.

So much for the object, the principles, the measures, the obstacles, the allies, the collateral bearings, the inevitable tendencies and the present position of this national association. It only remains to follow our correspondent's request by speaking of the past.

Having been so eminently faithful, courageous, unflinching, self-sacrificing and successful in assailing this deadly national curse in every shape under which it shelters itself, this Society has, of course, a history of a quarter of a century of triumphs, every one at the cost to its members of persecutions, betrayals, misrepresentations, destitutions, tortures, imprisonments and deaths, which, though eminently inspiring to look back upon, and good to have been privileged to undergo, there is no need now more particularly to recount.

Having lived down the misapprehensions continually produced and fostered by the slaveholding interest, the American Anti-Slavery Society now stands face to face with slavery, no hypocritical shield of pretence between. Diverse in gifts and opinions, its members are like in nobility of spirit and singleness of aim. Wise and harmless, fervent but not fanatical, they may humbly, and with self-abnegation, yet joyfully feel that the character their lives have exhibited to the community is such as (judging from his own words) Christ would acknowledge and accept, as do his true followers at the present time. Few as they must (of course) needs be, and, taken collectively, of so small pecuniary ability or advantage of circumstances—above all, weakened, as to the mistaken, thoughtless observer they *seem* to be, by fidelity to their principle of never sanctioning slavery in the eyes of the world by participating in its administration, and being dragged along in its train under the delusion of destroying it by coöperation—the great change in the public mind, from apathy to the profoundest interest, which their labors have awakened, is a perpetual cause of astonishment. The position of the Society is, indeed, a satisfactory one—that of standing alone against the world, in the world's own behalf—the advanced guard of its liberties, claiming all its franchises for the enslaved. Its only means are the few presses and the few agents it unites in sustaining for specific labors, in addition to each one's individual toil and sacrifice at the demand of every day and every opportunity. The Society's annual and occasional reports of work done and money expended, all authenticated to public satisfaction, are in the hands of the world.

Whoever, at this juncture, furnishes its Executive Committee in New York and Boston with money, or its auxiliary Ladies' Committee in Philadelphia with contributions that, through means of their Bazaar, they can convert into money, will do the best possible work for the abolition of slavery, and thus incidentally, but most effectually, promote all the little secondary operations which can only spring up in proportion to the amount of direct action by which this pioneer Society prepares the way.

We shall be most happy to follow out, hereafter, into their details, the leadings of any of the foregoing general considerations that may be desired by our honored correspondent, more especially as they are no less useful abroad than in our continually widening sphere at home.

** Its collateral bearings on all other great questions springing from the same root of freedom have been most happy. It incidentally and unavoidably settled in the American mind, at its organization, by treating women as persons, the basis of the duties and the sphere of woman, which would, but for its action, have sunk far below the one left to her in Europe by the feudal system. It is ever most careful not to dry up the sources of its moral life by cutting away its connections with the past or its ties to the future.*

** The last general election only failed through fraud of returning Col. Fremont, the Free Soil candidate for the Presidency. all the free States, and in Missouri, in Virginia, in Ken-*

A SLAVE DRIVEN TO DESPERATION BY CRUEL TREATMENT.

Weston, Lewis County, Va, Aug. 20th, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Mr. Editor: Enclosed you will find an account of the recent examination of a slave for killing (I cannot say murdering) his master, in the adjoining County of Gilmer. I have to add that the slave has since been tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung in October, but the opinion seems to be very general in this region that it was a case of justifiable homicide. According to the statement of the slave, which is generally credited, the master was in the habit of whipping him till his back was covered with bloody gashes and his strength exhausted, and then, to revive him, he would wash the bloody back with brine, and arouse him by the application of a red-hot iron. Let me add, to the honor of human nature, that I have only heard the most decided expression of horror at such cruelty, and I indulge the hope that Gov. Wise will interpose to save the life of this poor outraged negro, and let us pray that this additional proof of the natural and legitimate result of entrusting to frail man arbitrary power over his fellow-man will open the eyes of our fellow-citizens to the folly and wickedness of tolerating a system that admits, not to say encourages, such abuses.

In the cause of humanity and universal freedom,

Yours truly, John C. Underwood.

From the Barbour (Va.) Jeffersonian.

THE LATE MURDER IN GILMER.

Glenville, Gilmer Co., Va., June 21, 1858.

Mr. Editor: The murder that was committed in our County during your short but welcome visit to this place you are aware of, and probably know the circumstances.

By your request I have written to inform you that, on Monday, the 7th of June, the prisoner was taken before George E. Ball, a Justice of the Peace, and the following gentlemen were sworn as witnesses for the Commonwealth: Samuel Cleveland, William Cleveland, Isaac Garrett, R. S. Saunders, Wm. Cottrell and J. P. Keister.

Mr. Saunders was the first examined, and testified that he was the brother of the deceased's wife; that he had been working with Mr. Johnson, the deceased, and the negro nearly all day, setting out tobacco plants, &c.; that about one and a half hours before sun-down he left them and did not see either of them any more until dusk, at which time Mrs. Johnson went to the door and called her husband; the negro answered, and she remarked that it was not Mr. J.'s voice, but the negro's; whereupon he was called to the house and inquired of where his master was? he replied that he was in the tobacco-house (a house which stood but a short distance from the dwelling); they immediately took a lantern and went in search of him; not finding him in the tobacco-house, they proceeded to the place where he had been working, and there found his body, but a few paces from where he had been murdered, buried about four inches under ground. After removing a small portion of the dirt, his arm and shoulder were discovered, and the wife of the deceased began to scream in the most pitiful manner. They then returned to the house where they had left the negro, but found that he had absconded. From thence they proceeded to Mr. Cottrell's, an adjoining neighbor, and related the circumstances. After a short time, the male portion of the surrounding neighbors were summoned in, and, the night being a rainy and very disagreeable one, they concluded to remove the dead body of Mr. J. to the dwelling-house.

The testimony of the other witnesses only went to corroborate that of the former, not being familiar with any of the circumstances prior to the discovery of the body. After the examination of Mr. S., the magistrate inquired of the prisoner at the bar if he had anything to ask the witness? and when, with an idiotic look, he said he didn't know, the justice very properly appointed counsel, for his defence, and suggested to Mr. Lively, the counsel, that he had better remove the prisoner to some private place, and hold a consultation with him—which suggestion was agreed to—and the sheriff, prisoner and his counsel retired to a private room, and after a lapse of twenty or thirty minutes, returned to the court-room.

Mr. Lively recalled Mr. Saunders to the witness stand and inquired of him if any threat had been made by Mr. Johnson during the day to take the life of the negro? Answer: No. He then inquired if the deceased was in the habit of using barbarous and inhuman treatment towards the negro? Answer: No. If the deceased had whipped him on that day and with what? Answer: Yes, had struck him on the back several times with a root or two. Was the slave's back in the condition now that it was when the deceased purchased him? Did not know. Had he ever seen the deceased burn the slave at any time with an iron square; if so, how many times? Answer: Never. Had he any reason to believe that the slave thought his master was going to take his life that night? Answer: No. Was the negro of a good or evil disposition? Answer: Very mean and slothful. Mr. J. P. Keister was next examined, and, after a brief statement of what had occurred at the inquest, spoke as follows: The night came on, and myself and several others were sitting up with the corpse; some two or three women lay in the adjoining room. About 10 o'clock a noise was made at the outer door of the room where the women were, and attempted to open it, but a table which sat about 4 inches off prevented, and the person ran off. We immediately ran with a light, but discovered nothing. About half an hour afterwards, we went to the tobacco-house with lights, and there found the prisoner lying down as if asleep; we immediately entered and secured him. After he was in custody, I placed a rope around his neck, and asked him what he killed his master for? His answer was, I done it accidentally; with that I commenced drawing him up with a rope, until, finally, he said he done it intentionally, that the devil got before him.

Mr. Lively here interposed, and asked Mr. K. if the negro had not been fortunate enough to strike on a subject that corresponded with his views, would he have continued his torture? Answer: I choked him 'till I thought he told the truth. Mr. K. next remarked that, while going from the tobacco-house to the dwelling, he asked the negro where he had run to after he had killed his master? The negro replied on the ridge, pointing in a southern direction. *Cowhelpt!* I took him side of the head, and told him not to tell me a lie. I next asked where he went, and he said up the run; *cowhelpt!* I took him again. I asked him again, and he said in the tobacco-house. *Cowhelpt!* I took him again on the side of the head, and told him not to tell me a lie again. He at last said under an oak tree in the wheat field, close by the house. I thought he was telling me the truth and did not strike him any more.

Dr. McCally was next introduced on behalf of the prisoner, and questioned as to his mind and idiotism; also as to the scars on his back, their age, &c., how long he thought a person could stand under such treatment, &c.; whether or not his brain was injured by a blow received from his master last spring, on which occasion he was sent for. He answered that the skull was fractured at that time, but did not think the brain had changed its locality, or the prisoner's mind was impaired from the wound. He believed the prisoner to be of sound mind. As to the wounds on his back, a great many were very old, and some few that had been inflicted on the old wounds were recent, but not very. The burns, he said, were from two to three weeks old, but did not know whether they were put there or came by accident. At this point the evidence closed and the prisoner was sent on to the next Court.

A Citizen.

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.—We learn that the Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in West Chester and not at Longwood, as some supposed; and that the time of convening will probably be on Friday and Saturday, the 3d and 4th of October.

Littell's Living Age, No. 743, opens with an article, which will be peculiarly welcome to a large class of readers, entitled "The Troubadours." It contains also a review (from the *Edinburgh*) of Hugh Miller's Works, and (from the same source) a notice of Canning's Literary Remains. Stanford & Delisser, 508 Broadway.

POLITICS.

Official returns from 26 Counties of Kansas, and partial returns from two more, with four yet to hear from, give the following result: Whole vote, 13,380; majority against the English proposition, 9,648.

Thomas Corwin has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the District in

creatures, with their hair cut short (their style of mourning), and two of them, little boys about twelve years old, badly wounded. Who can wonder at or blame the Indians for retaliating, and resorting to the same treachery (as they imagine) to exterminate the whites, when such an example is set them by civilized people, and, in this case, by a man who was known among them as, in a measure, acting for the government?"

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1858.

Our city is dull and dusty. The protracted hot weather has kept the people out of town and retards the revival of business. There is a change in the temperature this morning, however, which, as the time has fully come, will undoubtedly bring back our scattered population and restore us to our wonted life.

The chief topic of conversation here, as elsewhere, is the Atlantic Cable. The joy at the success of that achievement is great and almost universal. I say *almost*, for some of our leading Tariff men, including especially Henry C. Carey, the Corypheus of that movement, profess to have fears that this new ligature to England will increase what they call our colonial dependence on that country. They consider that the home industry of this country has been for a long time at the mercy of British capitalists; that the manufacturers of England, uniting in policy with the cotton-planters and other slaveholders and pro-slavery men of this country, have controlled the legislation at Washington so far as to secure, when that question has come up, a Tariff favorable to their own interests and unfavorable to the promotion of ours. The fear is that now, when there is a prospect of a readjustment of our import duties, this Electric Telegraph will afford the money power of England increased facilities for perpetuating our present industrial vassalage.

These are fears, however, in which the great mass, whatever their views may be on the Tariff question, have no sympathy. It is a possible thing that this great achievement of science and skill may be turned to evil account. It is not impossible that in some directions of its operation, like the spinning-jenny of Arkwright and the cotton-gin of Whitney, it may be made subservient to the ends of oppression; but that its influence will, on the whole, be glorious and beneficent, it would be the height of scepticism to doubt. The general joy attests the general belief that it is one of God's good gifts to man. Instinctively the people hail it as a sign of progress; a harbinger of peace between the nations of the earth; a bond of union between lands hitherto isolated; an approach toward that unity in the family of mankind which poets have sung and inspired prophets from the beginning foreshadowed.

Speaking of the Tariff reminds me to say that that question is to constitute a leading feature in the canvass for the next Presidential term, and may possibly lead to complications that will not be favorable to the best result. It is a question which admits of a good deal being said on both sides. I do not now allude to the abstract question of Free Trade and no Tariff—of direct taxes and no custom-houses; that is one which is not at present under discussion. The merits of that question would not be difficult to settle. The point in dispute at present is, not Tariff or no Tariff, but *this* tariff or *that* tariff—a tariff substantially similar to that of 1842, which discriminated favorably to the Iron and other productive interests of the free States, or a tariff like that of 1846, and which, with some modifications, is now in operation, the duties of which are so levied as to favor the interests of the cotton-planter and negro-breeder of the South and discourage the efforts and frustrate the enterprise of Northern manufacturers. The advocates of these two schemes are called respectively Protectionists and Free-Traders, the latter term being used merely by way of designation, and not with any regard to its strict meaning. It is between these two parties that the controversy is now pending, and this is the question which I referred to as admitting of a good deal being said on both sides. Which of the two is nearest right, I do not here undertake to affirm, though I must say that the "inclination of my opinion" is toward the former and against the latter; that is, it is with Henry C. Carey and the New York *Tribune*, and against the *Evening Post* and the Robert J. Walker scheme of 1846.

Beside the reasons of a purely economical character which favor this leaning, there are others of an anti-slavery nature which operate to produce the same effect. The Tariff of 1846, or the Free Trade Tariff, as it is absurdly called, is the slaveholders' Tariff. It was framed and advocated, and passed through Congress, mainly by slaveholders. Its chief friends at the North were doughfaces and pro-slavery Democrats. It was the Polk and Dallas tariff. It was the tariff for which Mr. Dallas—in the face of his pledges and avowed convictions, and for the corrupt purpose of gaining the South—gave his casting vote. The best men in Congress voted against it, the exceptions being a few who were swayed by the fancied interests of their constituents, and a few others, Free-Traders in theory, who seemed to have the idea that consistency required them to enroll themselves among its supporters.

Mr. Editor, there is a great deal in a name. No class of people understand this better than politicians. It has its influence with more than the unthinking. I know a lady—and I don't know her superior—who seems unable to dispossess herself of the idea that the "Democratic party," so called, is actually, as it was in the days of Federalism, *the* Democratic party of the country. She is, as I think, unconsciously influenced by the name. So it is, I think, with some of our New England and other Northern members of Congress. They are for freedom everywhere and for everybody; which being the case, when a schedule of duties on imports, dubbed with the name of Free Trade, is offered to them, they take their stand with the slaveholders and vote for its adoption. Such at least is the way in which the thing strikes me; but I am not learned in such matters, and don't assume to speak positively.

The Republicans of this State, as you know, have put a Tariff plank into their platform, and are making their nominations accordingly. Some objection is felt on this ground by the Republicans of Chester County—with what reason I don't know—to voting for John Hickman. If this objection should prevail—which is not impossible, as it is aggravated by others of a party character—a separate candidate will be nominated, the effect of which, I presume, would be to give the election to the nominee of the Administration.

The powers at Washington are very anxious for the defeat of Hickman and the reelection of Owen Jones in the Vth District. For that reason and for the reasons that make them anxious, I, for one, should be pleased to see a reversed result. As for what the Republicans of those Districts ought to do, either as a matter of expediency or of consistency with their own principles, I have nothing to say; that's for them to decide; I only say that whatever displeases the champions of slavery, as such, pleases me. Owen Jones, my own particular representative, is a poor tool. He ought to be defeated, and I hope will be. But, aided as he is by large wealth and backed by the power of the Administration, this is by no means certain. Everything will depend on the candidate who is to run against him. If a man of character, experience and well-established position—one whose principles and interest alike make him the friend of freedom and free labor—were put in nomination, I think he would be elected. But if a small man, a feeble man, a man who has nothing to recommend him but his zeal in seeking the office, or his supposed ability to propitiate certain prejudices—if such an one is chosen, his defeat is certain.

You see that, though a passive, I am not an uninterested spectator of what is going on around me. The fact is, I don't vote; I don't go to political caucuses; I don't electioneer. But I exercise the freeman's right of freely expressing my opinion. Garrisonism, as I understand it, is not quietism. It doesn't exonerate people from their political obligations. We are bound to take part in politics—as we do in ecclesiastics and everything else that is going on; such part as is consistent with our principles and seems to be best adapted to advance the cause. We ought to make known by word and pen our opinions of men and things in all matters pertaining to our cause. When candidates are before the public, it is natural that we should have our preferences and it is proper that we should express them. Such, at least, are my views of what is right in these premises, and this is why I have so much to say on such topics.

Douglas-Democracy is somewhat at a discount in these parts, and to all appearances will soon have had its day everywhere. If its chief apostle should fail to secure his return to the Senate, it will be as dead as a door-nail, and he will be dead with it. Rejected by the anti-slavery people and despised by the slaveholders, there will be no place left for him.

Mr. Forney, of *The Press*, is pursuing a somewhat different and rather safer course. Less hopeful, or less desirous of restoration to the confidence of his party, his policy is conciliatory towards the Republicans; and, as the terms of admission to that organization are easy, it would not be surprising to find him and it ere long in full fellowship.

It is announced that, on the 7th proximo, the Rev. ABRAHAM PRYNE is to meet the notorious Parson Brownlow in this city, in a public discussion of the question of slavery. Mr. Pryne is an Abolitionist of the Gerrit Smith school, and is said to be a man of ability; but I don't know that ability, as that word is usually understood, will be of certain avail in a contest with such an antagonist. Brownlow, judging from all the accounts we have had of him, is a brawler and a demagogue, a political spouter, accustomed to deal with the passions of the mob, and understanding well how to appeal to vulgar prejudice. It seems to me that the class of people which his fame will draw out will be more impressed by a ribald joke than a logical argument. As it is, I am not sorry that the gentleman who is to meet him is one in whose course on the occasion we have no sense of responsibility. Brownlow's challenge, it strikes me, should have been treated in the same manner that Thaddeus Stevens treated that of McIlwee. You remember the circumstance, perhaps. It occurred during the Reform Convention, 22 years ago, while that body were in session in Harrisburg. McIlwee was a blathering, pro-slavery Democrat, and a quarrelsome champion of the word "white." His especial aversion was Thaddeus Stevens, with whom he allowed himself incontinently to come in collision, very much to his own disadvantage. Unable to bear in quietness the mortification of defeat, he chose to consider himself insulted, and accordingly sent his opponent a challenge. Mr. Stevens was talking with a friend when the note summoning him to the field was handed him. He read it quietly, and then, giving it back to the bearer, said, "Tell Mr. McIlwee that I don't fight myself, but that I keep a very nice dog that does; and that I will pit him against him at any time that he may fix." I need not say that this was the end of the contest and that the member from Bedford County did not soon hear the last of it. The same sort of treatment would not have been unbefitting the challenge of fighting Parson Brownlow.

M.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, August 6th, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I APPREHEND Wendell Phillips was not quite just in the statement he made, in his speech at Framingham, when he confounded the American and the English governments in the one condemnation of being equally indifferent to the slave trade. Your government is so subject to the South that it is difficult to suppose that they have any qualms of conscience on this point, when they are doing so much to extend the area of slavery itself on your own soil. To judge from his antecedents, nobody imagines that Mr. Buchanan would withhold his consent to a repeal of the prohibition of 1808, if a bill for that object were offered to his acceptance. Now matters are not nearly so bad at this side of the water. What are the private sentiments of Lord Derby, Lord Malmesbury, or Mr. D'Israeli, the three most prominent members of the present ministry, I do not really know. But this I know, that if an opinion were to prevail that they were friendly to the slave trade, or indifferent to efforts for its suppression, their tenure of office would be short indeed. I am far from claiming that the English people embrace or comprehend the profound convictions of thorough abolitionism, as that faith is understood at 21 Cornhill, Boston, but I am certain that the popular, prevalent, instinctive feeling of the English people of all classes is one of cordial dislike and contempt for the slave trade and slavery, and for all institutions, no matter how free and enlightened, of which slavery forms a chief buttress and principal corner-stone. Much has been said of late of the concessions made by our government to the demands and complaints of the Cabinet at Washington. As far as I have been able to ascertain, all that has been conceded is this—that the two governments having agreed to certain measures for the purpose of repressing the African slave trade, and the principal part of the work having been left to the English in the Gulf of Mexico, our cruisers have had occasion to ascertain from suspicious-looking ships bearing the American flag whether they were really entitled to carry it or not. Some annoyance, which it is admitted on all hands has been grossly exaggerated, has been caused by the detention of some *bonâ fide* American vessels. The English government, being addressed on the subject, utterly disclaimed any right to interfere with American ships, even though engaged in the slave trade; and to prove their sincerity, they withdraw their cruisers from the Gulf, and, leaving to America the whole responsibility of putting down or giving full scope to the traffic, they confine their own attention to the blockade of the African coast. Our papers say that by this move our government has deprived yours of the political capital which they hoped to make by picking a quarrel with England, and have left them the alternative of either openly favoring the African slave trade or the expense and trouble of repressing it, which before was done for them by the English ships, free of cost to you. If you can make room for the following extract from the last number of the *Saturday Review*, your readers will see that the notion which many have expressed, that the English government has conceded to yours, without qualification, that a ship becomes free from visit or search by simply hoisting the stars and stripes at its mast-head, is altogether a misconception.

When *The Times*, professing to speak on behalf of the English people, chose categorically to assert that the "right of search had been abandoned since the treaty of 1842," we thought it desirable to point out that such an affirmation betrayed a total ignorance both of the law and the facts of the question. We showed that the "right of search" could not have been abandoned in 1842, for the simple reason that it was neither at that time nor at any other asserted by the English or any other government. It is equally true that it has not been abandoned now, and for the same reason—that it has never been preferred. Lord Aberdeen, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, declared, in 1842, "that with American vessels British cruisers have no pretensions in any manner to interfere. Such vessels must be permitted, if engaged in it, to enjoy a monopoly of this unhallowed trade; but the British government will never endure that the fraudulent use of the American flag shall extend the iniquity to other nations by whom it is abhorred, and who have entered into solemn treaties with this country for its entire suppression." Lord Aberdeen's despatch sufficiently proves that this right—call it what you please—was not abandoned in 1842. Lord Lyndhurst's speech [of which I lately sent you a report] proves that it is not contemplated to abandon it now. Indeed, the concession of such a claim as that advanced by the American journals and endorsed by *The Times* would be absolutely inconsistent with the existence of an independent maritime sovereignty. If we were bound to allow any ship which hoisted the stars and stripes to pass unchallenged solely in respect to the flag under which she sailed, however little she might be entitled to its protection, we might not only have English ships carrying on the slave trade under American colors on the coast of Africa, but we might have the whole of our revenue laws defeated in the English channel by our own subjects, who might pursue their illicit trade unmolested till some American cruiser condescended to interfere. If *The Times* is right in the concession which Lord Malmesbury [our Foreign Secretary] is alleged to have made, the English smuggler who chooses to hoist the American flag will be only amenable to the search of an American ship-of-war. Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, when addressing the House of Commons on behalf of the government in February 2d, 1843, declared: "Nothing is more distinct than the right of visit and the right of search. The right of search with respect to American vessels we entirely disclaim. But the right we claim is, to know whether a vessel pretending to be American and hoisting the American flag be bona fide American—to know, for instance, whether a Portuguese or Brazilian schooner, sailing under the American flag, be really what she seems to be. . . . Considering that we are contending for a right which is the only security against fraud, against the grossest abuses by parties interested in this iniquitous traffic—considering that we are now the advocates of a principle necessary for the interests and security of all maritime nations—it is my duty to state, in the face of the House of Commons, that the claim to that right of visitation contended for in the despatch of Lord Aberdeen has not been relinquished; that in this subject we made no concession whatever, and that to the principles laid down in that despatch of Lord Aberdeen we adhere at this moment." We are glad to learn from Lord Malmesbury that, as we had anticipated, "the accounts given to the American government have been enormously exaggered, and that, after careful examination he has not found a single instance in which our cruisers have behaved with incivility to the officers of any American vessel which they have boarded." According, therefore, to the doctrines of Mr. Cass himself, no case has occurred "which any nation could make the subject of a serious reclamation." Consequently, no necessity whatever has arisen for departing one iota from the principles of maritime law so clearly defined by Lords Lyndhurst and Aberdeen; and we can see no reason, from the information before us, for believing that the present government has been guilty of the superfluous *lachetè* of surrendering a right which the complainants themselves are not so unreasonable as to question.

Whatever confusion, therefore, may have been introduced into the discussion by the loose language of speakers who are almost as hazy in their ideas of international law as the writer in *The Times*, we believe that the question stands now precisely on the same footing on which it was placed by Lord Aberdeen in 1842. The statement with which *The Times* concludes, that "the Right of Search and Visitation has *now* been wholly abandoned," is just as inaccurate as that with which it commenced, "that the right of search was abandoned in 1842." The right of search was not abandoned in 1842, nor is it now abandoned; for it was not asserted either in 1842 or at any subsequent period. The right of visitation—in the only sense which has ever been attached to it in this protracted controversy—is not now abandoned any more than it was in 1842; for the right of verifying the nationality of a vessel has been explicitly insisted on by every speaker who has heated the question in Parliament, and is categorically admitted by the American Minister for Foreign Affairs. We have thought it right to set forth the true state of the case; for we think it of some importance that the combined want of knowledge and want of patriotism of *The Times* should not be permitted to mislead public opinion, by representing this country as having been compelled, in deference to the vulgar menaces of the American press, to beat a humiliating retreat by the surrender of claims which we had asserted without foundation, and the abandonment of rights which we had exercised without justice.

To show that England is sincere in her anti-slavery professions, I need say no more than that when a motion was made in the House of Commons, a few weeks since, to withdraw the British cruisers, the proposal was negatived by a majority of nearly 10 to 1. I have often thought that your faith in the depth of our anti-slavery convictions was too trustful, and that you gave us more credit than we deserved; but great as is my respect for Mr. Phillips, I must say that in the present instance he is at least constructively unfair to us.

I hope you have received some numbers I recently mailed to you of *The Statesman*, a London weekly paper established not long since, and which is more than ordinarily interesting to anti-slavery inquirers. The great object of the editor appears to be to convince the English people that their best policy is a cautious conservatism, and that they have little to gain by following the counsels of theorists and rash reformers, who would try to persuade them to improve their position by following the example of the United States. He very easily shows that whatever change is made here, and however slowly, is on the road to substantial, permanent improvement; whilst in the United States, between the reckless, unprincipled demagogues in the free States, and the rapacious slave oligarchy in the South, the moral and political changes generally evince a remarkable alacrity in sinking from bad to worse. Every number of *The Statesman* contains some articles devoted to illustrate the enormities of slavery propagandism as a chief element in a republican government; and the transperent profligacy of men who live by blowing dust into the people's eyes, in order to pick their pockets, is shown with great force and felicity. The editor, Mr. Ballantyne, has long been connected with the cause of real reform, and I believe him to be a gentleman of integrity equal to his very considerable talent. You are aware that I look upon the newspapers as the most important means of imbuing the English people with a knowledge of the facts of American slavery, and will not doubt that I was glad of such an opportunity as the columns of *The Statesman* afforded of making some statements respecting the Abolitionists which, though familiar to every reader of THE STANDARD and *Liberator*, are only beginning to be known and comprehended by Englishmen. It requires a long time and much reiteration to interest John Bull in any foreign subject. But since *The Times* has taken an openly pro-slavery course (for which I can offer neither apology nor vindication), I think it only right to warn you that it would be a great, though a natural, mistake for you to conclude that the public opinion of Englishmen and of that newspaper are by any means identical. Indeed, I do not remember any time at which the prestige of *The Times* for sagacity and potentiality was so low as at present. Its prophecies, its counsels, its warnings and its preferences have been repeatedly set at nought by popular opinion and the course of events. And at no former time have the friends of the American Abolitionists had freer access to the columns of other influential organs of public opinion.

Yours, &c., RICHARD D. WEBB.

ANOTHER OF THE FAITHFUL GONE.—Died, on the evening of the 17th inst., after a painful illness and confinement to her bed of nearly 14 years, SARAH G. RICH. During this long period of suffering the writer cannot remember to have heard her, on her own account, utter a single complaint. She seemed to forget her own sufferings, while to her benevolent spirit the cause of the oppressed slave was ever present, and she faithfully labored, as ability was afforded, for his deliverance from bondage. Of her it may be truly said, she was untiring in her devotion to the welfare of her kind; exceedingly good and liberal to the poor, her heart and hand being ever open to their relief. With a friend who sat by her bedside and watched as the spirit took its flight, we can say in truth, "Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is her reward in Heaven."

C.

Philadelphia, 8th mo. 24, 1858.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE Committee call upon their fellow-laborers for efforts for the Twenty-third Annual Fair, to be held in Philadelphia in December next.

To those who have long labored in this department of Anti-Slavery work there is not need to speak of its value and efficiency. To others we would say, give us your services for the slave's sake and for the sake of your own moral natures. Enlist with us in laboring for the emancipation of one-seventh of your own countrymen from a tyranny which European despots no longer tolerate.

Let there be a genuine "Revival" of faith in the Right and of works of justice and mercy, blessing him that gives and him that receives.

The products of the manufacturer and of the farmer, with the works of skill and taste, will be appropriate offerings to the cause.

There is need that the next Fair should surpass all previous ones in pecuniary results; for the times demand that the trumpet-call of the Abolitionists should sound louder and louder above the din of the political arena and the controversies of ecclesiastical organizations.

SARAH PUGH,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
HARRIET D. PURVIS,	MARY GREW,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,
LYDIA GILLINGHAM,	ELIZABETH GAY,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	ROSANNA THOMPSON,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	MARIA CONKLIN,
CLEMENTINE R. JOHN,	SARAH PEIRCE,
MARGARET A. GRISCOM,	MARTHA KIMBER,
ANNA SHOEMAKER,	MARY SHAW,
ABBY KIMBER,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH L. CHILD,	RACHEL WILSON,
EVELINE SUPPLEE,	MARIAN JANE MITCHELL,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	CAROLINE WISE,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ELIZABETH CARMAN,	REBECCA S. HART,
MARY A. HALL,	LYDIA WHITE,
EMMA PARKER,	ELIZABETH MAGEE,
ELIZABETH M. DAVIS,	ELIZABETH J. LEWIS,
SARAH KENDERDINE,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
SUSAN W. SHAW,	HANNAH L. STICKNEY,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARTHA CARMAN,	GULIELMA M. JONES.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The latest reports of the working of the Atlantic Telegraph are of a highly favorable character. A communication from the Mayor of London to the Mayor of New York, dated on Monday, was received by the latter on Tuesday at 1 o'clock, p. m. On Tuesday, at 2 p. m., a message of the same date was received by Mr. Cyrus M. Field from London. It had probably been five or six hours on its way across England, the Irish Channel, Ireland, the Atlantic Ocean, Newfoundland, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Cape Breton, Nova-Scotia, New Brunswick and New England, to this city. The electricians report the Cable as working better and better, and they expect to have the line ready for public use in a few days.

Wednesday next, Sept. 1st., has been appointed for a general celebration, in this country and in England, of this grand achievement of the century. Preparations are making for this celebration, in different parts of this country, on a very extensive scale. In this city the day is to be marked by a grand military and civic procession in the day time and a torchlight procession in the evening.

JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, of Worcester, Mass., an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, expects to visit and lecture in New London County, Conn., and the adjacent portion of Rhode Island, during the month of August. We commend him to the friendly sympathy and coöperation of all lovers of Truth and Freedom, as being an able and faithful laborer in the Anti-Slavery cause.

He will receive the names of subscribers to the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and to *The Liberator*; and payments on account of either of those papers may be made to him.

DANIEL S. WHITNEY, now in Iowa, has been appointed a Lecturing and Collecting Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and is hereby commended to all friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in the places he may visit between Iowa and Massachusetts. He is authorized to receive names and subscriptions for the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Liberator*.

Summary.

Henry Ward Beecher's "Life Thoughts," the most popular book of the season, has reached a sale of 30,000 copies.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "It is an actual fact, which cannot be contradicted with any truth, that we have a wilderness, uninhabited by human beings, and occupied by the wild beasts of the aboriginal forests, within five or six miles of Detroit, a city of seventy thousand inhabitants.

GOOD PRICES.—A number of slaves were sold at auction, in Culpeper, last Monday, by Peter C. Smith, auctioneer. Eliza, a girl, brought $950; Jane, and child two months old, $1,090; and John, a young man, $1,010. A number of others brought lower prices. None of them were regarded as No. 1. —*The South.*

A Newport correspondent of the *Evening Post* says: "On Monday morning, as Mr. Staigg, the artist, and Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, the author, were bathing, the latter became disabled. They had been swimming on a race, beyond their depth, and Mr. Staigg's skill and strength, it is probable, alone rescued Mr. Tuckerman from a watery grave. Hearing his companion's cry of distress, he sustained him until assistance was no longer needed, and Mr. Tuckerman was taken home, where he was quite ill for a day or two afterwards. The accident is attributed to sun-stroke, or perhaps to over-exercise in the water."

The Richmond *South* is in great glee because, as it states, an advertisement of one Raglor at Mobile of a runaway slave, copied into Mrs. Stowe's Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, has been the means of the capture and return of the negro to slavery. The joke seems to be all the more keenly enjoyed by *The South* because the negro is so nearly white as to be mistaken for a white man, and has left a white wife in Pennsylvania. The satisfaction of enslaving a man, according to *The South*, is very much enhanced if white blood predominates in him, and we conclude the enslavement of free white men would give *The South* the most unalloyed gratification.—*Kentucky News.*

A NEW IDEA.—Professor B. Silliman, Jr., of Yale College, has addressed a letter to a Boston official, suggesting that, on the transmission of the Queen's Message and the President's reply across the Atlantic cable, the fire bells of Boston, now rung by telegraph, should be rung from London by electricity, from the Atlantic Company's office in that city, and that the London bells swell the chorus. The Boston *Transcript* says:

"As our bells may be rung from any point with which Boston is in telegraphic communication, by connecting the wires, it will remain with Mr. Field to say whether the admirable suggestion of Prof. Silliman shall be carried out; in which event any aid that the city government can give we are sure will be gladly rendered."

APPROPRIATE.—On Sunday last, Rev. Dr. Richard Fuller, of Baltimore (we presume the person who many years ago defended slavery in a discussion with Rev. Dr. Wayland, of Brown University) preached in the pulpit of Rev. Baron Stow, corner of Chauncey and Bedford streets. It will be remembered that the title-deeds of the pews of this church restrict their ownership to "respectable white persons." It was appropriate that the defender of slavery in the South should preach to the upholders of *caste* in the North; and it was equally appropriate that Dr. Stow should give to such an one, rather than a minister *of the Gospel*, the occupancy of his pulpit.—C. K. W.—*Liberator.*

A LETTER FROM A NEW YORK ALDERMAN.—We are permitted to print the following letter from a New York alderman to his "Cousin Dennis," in this city. It will be observed that he invites Dennis to take part in the cable celebration:

CITY HALL, NEW YORK, }
August the 13, 1858. }

Dear Cousin Dennis—Come to New York. We're goin' for to have a great rejicin' in honor on the great say cable by which Ireland—the land ov the brave—is jined to New York. Bring Biddy and the chiltther. 'Twont chost a pinny; the sity pays every farthin'. Atch altherman have a right to ax as many ov his frinds as he likes for to come to the dimunstrashion. So come, bring big Biddy, little Biddy, Patcy, young Dennis, Jonny, and Mary Ann.

Yours thruly,
TERENCE MCSPEDON, Chairman.

To Mr. Dennis Mahony.

THE UNION SAFE.—A Western poet, says *The Knickerbocker*, composed the following in just one hour by a Connecticut clock. There can be no danger while there is so much "spirit" in the country:

What! burst this glorious Union up,
An' go to drawin' triggers,
Just for a thundern' parcel of
Emancipated niggers!
The Eagle of America,
That flue across the seas,
An' throwed the bluddy British lion
Ker slump upon her knees;
Say, shall we rend him lim' from lim',
Wun wing one way, an' one t'other,
An' every sepputit pin feather
A flyin' at each other?
It can't be did.

One of the most original devices for celebrating the working of the Atlantic telegraph cable, that we have noticed, is that proposed by the citizens of New Haven. The city lies at the base of two high and precipitous bluffs, known as East and West Rocks. Upon the perpendicular face of the first they propose to display the initials of Cyrus W. Field's name in letters of fire, twenty feet high, and to extend a line of flaming tar barrels and brush along the whole front of the rock.

The Westville people have collected a huge mass of brush on West Rock, and they propose to pour tar over the face of the rock and set fire to it, expecting to present a wall of flame from the bottom to the top of the precipice.

NIGGER-TRADING.—The following advertisement we take from the Cambridge *Democrat*, of which Mr. Thomas H. Handy, Jr., is editor and proprietor.

WANTED.—Twenty head of young negroes, boys and girls, aged from 10 to 20 years, for which liberal prices will be paid. For particulars inquire of the editor of *The Democrat*.

We simply wish to ask the editor of *The Democrat* how much he makes on a "young negro"—how he manages to carry on the "nigger-trading" business in connection with his editorial duties? and for information in relation to the *modus operandi* of the business. Any information which Mr. Thomas H. Handy, Jr., editor, proprietor and "*nigger-trader*" of the Cambridge *Democrat* can give us in relation to this matter will be thankfully received.—*Milford (Del.) News.*

TELEGRAPHIC ENTHUSIASM AT WEST POINT.—The N. Y. *Times* has received the following jubilant epistle from a gentleman connected with his country's service:

West Point p. y August 12th, 58

Deer Sir will you be cind a nuf to in sert the follow flew lines in youre papor for a subscriber in referns to the Atlantick telegraft it is one of the gratis things that I ever herd of in my life in honor of the telegraf wee firde A Salute of 32 guns and praided all round the post with the field Musick and our drum major in al in full uniform and wee plaid that good old toon Cauld yankey doodel Every one was taken boy surprise Pleas in sert the same in youre paper And oblig me

youre Obedient
Serven J. M. D—
USA

The custom is—for wrong or right—
To practice "sparking" out of sight;
So our Old Buch and England's daughter
"Dispatch" this business under water!

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."—A new application of this text was discovered by some of the officials at the State Prison a few days since. A certain convict in that institution has often been detected in using tobacco, which is interdicted by the rules of the Prison. The mystery was how he got it and where he secreted it. His cell was searched, his clothes frequently examined, but to no purpose. The officers could not find the tobacco nor his box, but he could.

A few days since, however, an officer happened to take up the Bible from the table in the convict's cell, and, opening it, discovered that the greater portion of the leaves had been cut out of the centre, and in this cavity was a good store of "plug," enough to last a State Prison convict a long time. The book externally presented the same appearance as any other of the Bibles, a copy of which is in each cell, but the contents of the volume were not exactly in accordance with the Assembly's Catechism.—*Boston Atlas.*

PISCICULTURE IN MAINE.—The Eastport *Sentinel* gives the results of the fish-breeding experiment, which has been a year or two in progress at that place. The Messrs Treat, last year, raised hundreds of thousands of young shad and alewives, all of which went down the stream to salt water. They expect by their operations this season to produce a number equal to that of last year. The young fish which have gone to the salt water, will, when fully grown, go back to the waters in which they were bred, at spawning time. It is expected that the fish which went down the stream last season, will arrive at maturity and return to the place of their birth in the Spring of 1859. The result of the experiment in rearing salmon and bass has not yet been fully ascertained. Last year twelve of each species, male and female, were put into the lake. The bass did not appear to mind the change from salt water to fresh. It was suspected that the old salmon would go down to salt water during the Spring freshet, but this has not been done, as they may be seen in the lake on any fine day. The young salmon are very shy, and resemble the late trout. Should they go to the sea when one year old, they will return to the streams and lakes during the latter part of the same season, and will weigh from two to four pounds, the experiment having been fully tested in Scotland and France.

SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE CABLE REJOICINGS.—We see great preparations making for a telegraphic jubilee all over the Northern country, and it has been suggested by some one that the citizens of Savannah should unite in such a proceeding. The Northern people are easily excited, and anything which will serve as an escape-valve for their orators, and to fill their newspapers, is quickly seized upon, whether it be the Burdell Murder or the Atlantic Telegraph. We, of the South, are in the habit of taking things in a more quiet and philosophic way; and although we accord our admiration to all triumphs of science, we do not explode with the thunders of popular clamor over every event of the day. As a work of science, the Atlantic Telegraph can scarcely be said to have added anything, because every scientific principle involved has been long since known and put into practical operation. It is certainly an effort of human industry and perseverance wonderful to contemplate. It is a great work *for England*. It puts Canada nearer to her than Ireland was twenty years ago, and we shall bear no more of that province desiring annexation to the United States. With both ends of the wire in possession of England, in time of war we should have a jubilee at which there would not be much rejoicing.—*Savannah Georgian.*

SLAVES ON THE STAND.—The Select Council has concerred with the Common Council in the passage of an ordinance, says the Norfolk (Va.) *Argus*, authorizing female slaves to go at large and trade as free persons, on the payment of one dollar to the city, for the period of a year. As this ordinance, as well as the ordinance conferring the same privileges on male slaves, is in direct violation of a law of the State, we would be remiss in our duty to the public if we failed to present our views on the subject.

The *Argus* has a long article against the action of the Council in this matter, and quotes the law, which is as follows:

"Chap. 103, sec. 6, Code of Virginia laws. Any person permitting a slave under his control to go at large, trade as a free man, or *hire himself out*, for the benefit of any person whatever, shall forfeit not less than ten or more than thirty dollars. And if the person so permitting hold the slave as personal representative, guardian, curater or committee, he shall pay the fine out of his own estate and not out of that held by him as such fiduciary."

PLEASANT DEMOCRATIC READING.—We clip a few extracts from a report of a recent Democratic meeting at Williamston, S. C., for the benefit of our Democracy, as we doubt if their own organs will be so obliging.

Hon. L. M. Keitt said:

"As for himself, so long as he was in the Union, he was for discharging every obligation that devolved upon the State or the citizens of the State. Twelve months ago he advised adversely; but now he would say, sustain Mr. Buchanan's administration. He went to Washington at the beginning of last session resolved to oppose the Administration, but when he got there, *he found Mr. Buchanan upon the platform of the South.* It was then he determined to sustain the President cordially and ungrudgingly."

The Hon. James L. Orr, Speaker of the House of Representatives, said:

"With regard to Slavery, he thought it *better protected now under the government than it had been for thirty years.* As to the future, he was for co-operation with the Democratic party. He would go into Convention, go into caucus, seek to have an influence in it by ruling and controlling it."

Special Notices.

☞ PHILANTHROPIC CONVENTION, TO OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD, to be held in Mechanics' Hall, Utica, Oneida Co., N. Y., on the 10th, 11th and 12th of September, 1858.

"Let no one call God his Father
Who calls not man his brother."

The fact cannot be disguised that modern theories of sin, evil, crime and misery are numerous and extremely conflicting. Not less antagonistic are existing laws, systems and institutions, respecting the rearing of children and the treatment of criminals. The vindictive and coercive code has been for centuries administered to the workers of iniquity; yet vice and crime seem to be increasing in proportion to the spread of civilization. The intelligent and benevolent everywhere begin to believe that this prevalence of crime and suffering is mainly traceable to *erroneous doctrines* respecting man and his acts, out of which have been evolved equally erroneous systems of education, tyrannical institutions, and depraving plans of punishment.

Therefore, we, the undersigned, believing that a true philosophy of human existence and conduct will ultimate in more ennobling

Miscellaneous Department.

PEACE IN GOD.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"Inconcevable énigme de la vie, que la passion, ni le douleur, ni le génie ne peuvent decouvrir, vous irévérez vous a la priere?"—MADAME DE STAEL (*Corinne*).

"Let my soul calm itself in Thee; I say, let the great sea of my soul that swelleth with waves calm itself in Thee."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

Life's mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion
As in and out its hollow m aninga flow;
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, oh Christ, in Thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain;
Ah, when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, oh Christ, in Thee!

Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding—not explaining;
We ask, and thou art silent—yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining!
No crushing fate—no stony destiny!
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in Thee!

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim eternal shores
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands—
This va ue dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, oh, risen Lord, in Thee!

Thy pierced hand guides the mysterious wheels;
Thy thorned-crowned brow now wears the crown of power;
And when the dark enigma presseth sore,
Thy patient voice saith, "Watch with ME one hour!"
As sink the moaning river in the sea
In silver peace, so sinks my soul in Thee!

Andover, Aug. 1.

[Mrs. Stowe's lines naturally reminded us of Mr. GARRISON's poem, "CHRISTIAN REST," published twenty years ago, and which we now reproduce.—*Ed. Standard.*]

CHRISTIAN REST.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you REST."—*Jesus Christ.*

"For we who have believed do enter into REST."—*Paul.*

If thou should'st fail to find true rest
On earth, thou'lt find it not in heaven;
Here must it dwell within thy breast,
Or thou must tempest-tost be driven.
For what is REST? Not indolence
Of body, or of mind, or soul;
Not in the loss of sight or sense,
Not in the grave, our earthly goal.
It is not freedom from "the ills
That flesh is heir to"—sickness, pain,
Malice that wounds, or Death that kills,
Temptation's lure or Penury's chain.
In vain in Nature's solitude
'Tis fondly sought—in hermit's cell,
Where stranger footsteps ne'er intrude—
On mountain-top, in silent dell;
It reigns not in the peasant's cot,
Nor in the palace of the king;
It is not found by chance or lot,
'Tis not a partial, birth-right thing.
Gold cannot buy nor valor win,
Nor power command, nor station gain it;
Whatever bears a taint of sin,
Unpurified, cannot obtain it.
Thou may'st have beauty, wit, and parts,
That shall secure thee vast acclaim,
And be the idol of all hearts,
And gather universal fame;
And by the potentates of earth
Be honored as a chosen guest;
And be exalted from thy birth—
Yet never know one hour of rest!
Thou may'st upon thy very knees
Have gone on many a pilgrimage,
And far excelled all devotees
That ever trod this mortal stage
In self-inflicted agonies,
All sinful lusts to crucify:
In vain thy tears, and groans, and cries—
Rest, by such acts, thou canst not buy.
Thou may'st have joined some chosen sect,
And given thy sanction to a creed,
And been pronounced among th' elect,
And zealous been in word and deed—
Most orthodox of proselytes,
Strict in observing seasons, days,
Church order, ceremonies, rites,
Constant at church to pray and praise—
Munificent in all good works,
That with the gospel may be blest
All heathen tribes Jews, Greeks and Turks—
Yet still a stranger be to REST.
For what is REST? 'Tis not to be
Half saint, half sinner, day by day;
Half saved, half lost; half bound, half free;
Half in the fold, and half astray;
Faithless this hour, the next most true;
Just half alive, half crucified;
Half washed, and half polluted too;
To Christ and Belial both allied!
Now trembling at Mount Sinai's base—
Anon, on Calvary's summit shouting;
One instant, boasting of free grace—
The next, God's pardoning mercy doubting!
Now sinning, now denouncing sin;
Filled with alternate joy and sorrow;
To-day, feel all renewed within,
But fear a sad relapse to-morrow!
All ar dent now, and eloquent,
And bold for God with soul on fire;
At once, complete extinguishment
Ensues, and all its sparks expire!
O! most unhappy of mankind!
In thee what contradictions meet!
Seeing thy way, yet groping blind!
Most conscientious, yet a cheat!
Allowing what thou dost abhor,
And hating what thou dost allow;
Dreaming of freedom by the law,
Yet held in bondage until now!
This is "the old man with his deeds,"
Striving to do his very b-st:
'Tis crucifixion that he needs—
Self righteous, how can *he* know rest?
What, then, is REST? It is to be
Perfect in love and holiness;
From sin eternally made free;
Not under law, but under grace;
Once cleansed from guilt, forever pure;
Once pardoned, ever reconciled;
Once healed, to find a perfect cure;
As JESUS blameless, undefiled;
Once saved, no more to go astray;
Once crucified, then always dead;
Once in the true and living way,
True ever to our living Head;
Dwelling in God, and God in us;
From every spot and wrinkle clear;
Safely delivered from the curse;
Incapable of doubt or fear.
It is to have eternal life,
To follow where the Savior trod;
To be removed from earthly strife—
Joint heirs with Christ—and sons of God!
Never from rectitude to swerve,
Though by the powers of hell pursued;
To consecrate, without reserve,
All we possess in "doing good."
It is to glory in the Cross,
Endure reproach, despise the shame,
And wisely count as dung and dross
All earthly grandeur, homage, fame;
To know the Shepherd of the sheep—
Be gentle, harmless, meek and lowly;
All joy, all hope, all peace—to keep,
Not one in seven, but all days holy!
It is to be all prayer and praise,
Not in set form or phrase expressed,
But ceaseless as angelic lays—
This, only *this*, is CHRISTIAN REST!
He who, believing, hath obtained
This REST, shall ne'er be troubled more,
Though round him hosts, fierce, unchained,
For his destruction rage and roar!
He may be famishing for bread,
Or be of men the jest and mirth,
And have no where to lay his head,
No spot to call his own on earth;
Temptation, with its endless wiles,
May strive to turn his feet aside—
And Flattery, with its treacherous smiles,
May hope to flush some latent pride;
He may be hunted as a beast,
As heretic dragged to the stake—
Placed on the rack Revenge to feast,
And Bigotry's fierce wrath to slake;
Or whether earth or hell assail,
It matters not—within his breast
Is joy, is peace, that cannot fail—
Nought shall destroy his CHRISTIAN REST!

RELIGION.

Rapt in meditation, I was last night absorbed in the contemplation of nature. I admired the immensity, the courses, the relations of those infinite globes that common eyes know not how to admire.

I was struck, above all, with the intelligence that presides over this vast machinery. One must be blind, I said, not to be dazzled by this spectacle; one must be stupid not to recognize its Author; one must be mad not to adore him. What tribute of adoration ought I to render? Ought not this tribute to be the same through all space, since it is the same Supreme Power which reigns alike through the whole extent?

A thinking being inhabiting a star of the milky way must owe the same homage as the thinking being upon our own little globe. Light is uniform, whether for the star Sirius or for the earth; so then ought morals to be.

If a sentient, thinking creature in Sirius is born of tender parents who have made his well-being their concern, he owes them the same love and duty that we owe to ours. If a fellow-creature in the milky way sees a poor cripple whom he might relieve and does it not, he sins against all the globes.

The heart has everywhere the same duties, upon the steps of the throne of God, if a throne he have, or the deepest abyss, if abyss there be.

I was plunged in these thoughts, when one of those spirits that fill the infinite space between the worlds descended towards me. I recognized the same aerial creature who had appeared to me once before, to show me how different are the judgments of God from ours, and how greatly preferable is a good action to controversy.

He transported me to a desert covered with heaps of bones; and between these hills of dead were alleys of evergreen trees; and at the end of each alley stood a man of august aspect, who looked with compassion upon these sad remains.

Alas, my archangel, I said, whither have you led me? To desolation, he replied. And who are those noble patriarchs whom I see, feeling yet motionless, at the end of those green alleys, who seem as if they wept over this innumerable mass of dead?

Thou shalt know, poor human creature, replied the genius of the inter-space; but thou must first weep.

He began with the first hill. These, said he, are the twenty-three thousand Jews who danced before, with the twenty-four thousand who were killed on account of, the Midianitish women. The number of the slain for crimes and mistakes like these amounts to nearly three hundred thousand.

The next alleys are the charnel houses of Christians who murdered each other for metaphysical differences. They are divided into several heaps of four centuries each. One alone would have reached to heaven, and it was necessary to divide them.

What! cried I, is it possible that brothers have done this to brothers? and I am so wretched as to be one of such a brotherhood!

Behold, said the spirit, the twelve millions of Americans, slain in their own country, because they had never been baptized.

O, my God! Why didst thou not leave these dreadful heaps of bones to bleach in the hemisphere that gave birth to their bodies, where they met so many fearful deaths? Why reunite here all these abominable monuments of barbarity and fanaticism?

For thy instruction.

Since such is thy pleasure, I replied to the genius, tell me if there are other nations than Christians and Jews whose zeal and religion turned to fanaticism have impelled to commit such horrible cruelties? Yes, replied he, the Mahometans have disgraced themselves by similar inhumanity; but when men cried, *Amaun*—quarter, and offered to pay tribute, they always pardoned.

As to other nations, there have been no others since the world was who ever went to war solely for religion. Now follow me.

I followed him.

A little beyond these hills of dead we found other piles; they were composed of bags of gold and silver, and each bore its inscription: *Substance of heretics massacred in the eighteenth century*—in the seventeenth—*in the sixteenth*—and so on, backward. Then, "Gold and silver of murdered Americans, etc., etc." And all these piles were surmounted with crosiers, mitres, crosses, tiaras, all enriched with precious stones.

What, my guide! it was then for the possession of this riches that men raised these heaps of dead!

Yes, my son.

I shed tears; and having merited by my sorrow that he should lead me to the end of the green alleys, he conducted me thither.

Now contemplate, he said, the heroes of humanity, who have been the benefactors of the world, and who united to banish from it, as far as they could, violence and rapine. Question them.

I addressed the first of the band. He had a crown on his head and a little censer in his hand. I deferentially inquired his name. I am Numa Pompelius, he said. I succeeded to a robber and I had robbers to govern. I taught them virtue, and the worship of God. After my time, they more than once forgot both. I forbade images in the temples, because the Divinity that gives life to all things cannot be represented. Under my reign, the Romans had neither wars nor sedition, and my religion did them nothing but good. All the neighboring nations paid me funeral honors—a thing that has befallen no one but myself.

I kissed his hand, and went on to the second. He was a noble old man, of about a hundred years old, clothed in a white robe. He put his middle finger on his lips, and *cast beans behind him*. I knew Pythagoras. He assured me that he never had a golden thigh; that he had never been a cock; but that he had governed them of Crotona with as much justice as Numa governed his Romans of nearly the same period; and that this justice was of all things in the world the most indispensable and the most rare. I learned that the Pythagoreans practised self-examination twice a day.

That I might the better please him, I spoke no word to Pythagoras; and I passed on to Zoroaster, who was engaged in concentrating the celestial fire with a concave mirror, in the midst of a vestibule with a hundred gates (which are his hundred precepts). Over the main door I read these words, which are the substance of all morals, and which abridge all the disputes of the casuists:

IN DOUBT WHETHER AN ACT BE GOOD OR EVIL, ABSTAIN.

Surely, said I to my guide, the barbarians who immolated all those victims whose bones I have seen had never seen these noble words.

We next saw Zaleucus, Thales, Anaximander, and all the sages who had sought truth and practised virtue.

When we came to Socrates, I instantly knew him by his flat nose. Well, said I, here you are then, among the trusted of the most high! all the inhabitants of Europe, except the Turks, and the Tartars of the Crimea, who know nothing, pronounce your name with respect. That great name is so highly revered and so much beloved that it has made men even curious to know the names of your persecutors. They know Melitus and Anytus because of you, as Ravaillac is known because of Henry IV. But I know nothing of Anytus but his name. I really do not know who the wretch was who slandered you and brought you to the hemlock.

I have never thought of the man since that adventure, replied Socrates; but since you recall it to my mind, I pity him much. He was a miserable priest, who carried on a private trade in leather; a business which was not well looked upon in my time. He sent his two children to my school. The other pupils taunted them with their father, the leather dealer, and they were obliged to leave. The father, in a rage, never ceased to stir up the priests and the sophists against me. They persuaded the Council of the five hundred that I was a blasphemer, who did not believe that the Moon, Mercury and Mars were gods. In fact, I thought, as I now do, that there is only one God, the Lord of all. The judges delivered me over to the official poisoner of the Republic; he shortened my life by some days; I died at the age of seventy; and from that time forward, I have passed a happy life with all these great men whom you see, and of whom I am the least.

After having thus enjoyed for a time the conversation of Socrates, I went forward, with my guide, into a grove above the arbors where the sages of antiquity enjoyed their repose.

I saw a man of a serene, frank countenance, who seemed to me to be about thirty-five years old. He cast, from afar, looks of compassion over the mass of whitening bones through which I had reached the abode of the sages. I was astonished to see his feet swollen and bloody, his hands in the same case, his side pierced and his shoulders scored by the whip. Good God, said I; is it possible that a just and wise man should be in this condition? I have just seen one who had been treated in a very shocking manner, but there is no comparison between his state and yours. Wicked priests and wicked judges poisoned him. Have priests and judges assassinated you also, in this cruel way?

Yes, he said, with much affability.

And who were those monsters?

They were hypocrites.

Ah, that is saying everything. I comprehend by that single word why you were condemned to the extremest torture. You proved to them, doubtless, like Socrates, that the Moon was not a goddess, and that Mercury was not a god.

No—there was no question about those planets. My countrymen did not even know what a planet is. They were downright ignorant. Their superstitions were entirely different from those of Greece.

You wished, then, to teach them a new religion?

Not at all. I simply said to them, Love God with all your heart, and your neighbor as yourself, for that is all in all. Judge whether this precept be not as old as the world. Judge whether I brought them a new worship. I never ceased to tell them that I had come not to abolish the law, but to accomplish it. I observed all their rites, and circumcised like all the rest, and baptized like the most zealous among them; I paid, like them, the corban—I partook, like them, standing, of the passover—a lamb cooked in lettuce. I went with my friends to pray in the temple, and my friends even frequented it after my death. In a word, I fulfilled every law without exception.

What! could not those wretches even reproach you with a breach of the law?

Not the slightest.

Why, then, have they put you in this condition?

How shall I explain it! They were powerful, proud and selfish. They saw that I understood them: they knew that I should make the citizens understand them too. They were the strongest, and they took my life. Such men will always do the same to whoever sees through them too clearly.

But did you do nothing to afford them a pretext?

Everything serves as a pretext for the wicked.

Did you not once tell them that you had come to bring not peace, but a sword?

It is an error of the copyist. I told them that I brought peace, not a sword. I never wrote anything. They may have misinterpreted what I said without any bad intention.

You have, then, in no way contributed by your discourses, ill rendered or ill-interpreted, to those frightful heaps of dead that I saw on my road, as I came hither to consult you?

I never looked but with horror upon those who incurred the guilt of all those murders.

And those monuments of power, wealth, pride, avarice—those treasures, ornaments and signs of grandeur that I saw accumulated by the wayside, in my search after wisdom—are they yours?

Impossible. I and mine lived in poverty and lowliness. My greatness was only in virtue.

I was about to entreat him to tell me exactly who he was, when my guide forbade it. He told me that I was not made for the comprehension of these sublime mysteries. So I only supplicated him to tell me in what consisted true religion.

Have I not already told you? Love God, and your neighbor as yourself.

Can I love God and eat meat on Friday?

I always ate what was set before me; for I was too poor to entertain myself.

Can I love God and be just, and yet prudent enough not to confide all the adventures of my life to one unknown to me?

I never did.

Can I do good and yet dispense with going on pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella?

I was never in that country.

Must I shut myself up in a retreat with fools?

I always took little journeys from city to city.

Ought I to join the Greek church, or the Latin?

I never made any difference, when I was in the world, between the Jew and the Samaritan.

Ah! if it be thus, I acknowledge thee alone for master. Then he gave me with the head a gesture that filled me with consolation. The vision disappeared, and a good conscience remained with me.—VOLTAIRE.

For The Standard.

THE SEA-MOSSES TO THEIR COLLECTOR.

We are the sea-flowers, gay and bright,
Drifting over the Ocean's foam;
Floating up to the realms of light
From the depths of our darksome home.

Down in the halls of Ocean vast,
In the halls well guarded by magic spell,
Where the mermaidens lead their graceful dance,
In spacious gardens we safely dwell.

'Neath the Equator's burning sun,
Or amid the Polar ice and snow,
Under the Northern Morning's glare,
Over the billows we careless go.

What care we though storms may rage?
Safe we rest in the deep sea-caves;
While the great ships, with their "freighting souls,"
Are chased and torn by the hungry waves.

Far, far from the tumult of dashing waves,
Pleasant it is in our watery home,
While above us the glittering dolphins play,
And the mighty whale and the sword-fish roam.

And when the Sun in the West has gone,
And the moon-beams gleam on the glassy sea,
The mermaidens sit on the rocky shore,
Singing with hearts so light and free!

Or floating over the quiet waves,
Singing, they comb their "yellow hair,"
Twining us for their snowy brows,
Weave they many a garland fair.

Tossed at last on the sandy shore,
Left to die by the fickle sea,
Under the rays of the burning sun,
Lady dear, we were saved by thee.

Then for thy kindness that placed us here,
As once we bloomed for the maids of the sea,
Down in the halls of Ocean vast,
Gentle maid, we will bloom for thee.

WOMEN ARTISTS.

[CONCLUDED.]

From The Westminster Review.

Far less variously endowed, but superior in her own peculiar domain, was Rachel Reutch, long regarded as the first flower-painter of her own or indeed of any age. Rachel was born at Amsterdam, 1664. She married at sixteen, and became the mother of ten children, whom she brought up, we are assured, with the most laudable care. How she contrived with a small income to combine the anxious and manifold duties of a mother with the constant toil and study requisite to attain such perfection in her art is difficult to imagine; but genius effects almost without an effort that which seems impossible to ordinary minds. Rachel's fame gradually increased to such a degree that she was appointed Court painter to the Elector John of the Pfalz, and by his earnest desire settled with her family in his capital. After his death she returned to Holland, and continued to prosecute her art with unabated energy and success, till 1750, when she died full of years and honors.

But it was in France that, next to Italy, female artistic genius shone with the brightest lustre. In the seventeenth century women play a conspicuous part in French history; and if, on the one hand, it must be acknowledged that this part was not always very consistent with the virtue and purity of their sex, on the other it is but just to recall the many bright names with which they adorned both literature and art. Among the most distinguished is Elizabeth Cheron, who enjoyed an honor since denied even to the most gifted of her sex. She was member of the Academy of Arts in Paris; and in the funeral oration pronounced upon her by Fermal Huis, a brother Academician, she was declared to have merited a place among the most celebrated artists of her age. Her pictures, although scarcely meriting such extravagant eulogiums, are still held in high esteem. They are delicately drawn, full of sweet expression. Gifted alike in mind and person, the friend of all the unhappy and suffering, Elizabeth Cheron was no less beloved than admired.

While in France woman was wreathing the garland of fame around her brow, what was she doing in England and Germany? Here, in an artistic point of view, her inferiority is palpable. True, England could boast of more than one female artist of considerable promise, but none comparable to Serani or Cheron.

In Germany this inferiority was still more striking. Here, indeed, it was not confined to the gentler sex. In art as in literature, Germany, with a few bright exceptions, was far behind all neighboring nations. The Cologne school, as it is termed, had died away, and no other had taken its place. The condition of the country, indeed, sufficiently accounts for this fact. The Thirty Years' War was raging with fearful intensity. It was not a great national struggle, such as often calls forth the noblest energies—the most glorious attributes of the human mind. It was a conflict in which the meanest, basest, most sordid passions broke forth; it was a civil war, in the fullest sense of the term, fatal alike to every generous impulse, and to every lofty aspiration. That no female artist should have appeared in these gloomy and disastrous times, need scarcely excite astonishment; but the general condition of the female sex was decidedly inferior in Protestant to that which she enjoyed in Catholic lands.

Luther, in declaring that woman's sole vocation was marriage—that in that, and that only, was she performing the part assigned her by Providence—had destroyed the halo with which virgin chastity had once encircled her brow. Catholicism had raised her to the rank of saint; it had inscribed her on the list of martyrs; it had given her a place amid the hierarchy; it had brought her into immediate contact with the supreme head of the Church. To those whom choice or necessity hindered from entering the bonds of matrimony, it had opened another career—that of the recluse—the sister of charity; it had presented another asylum—that of the convent; a career contrary, indeed, to all our natural instincts, full of self-denial and privation, but promising truly or falsely an immortality of bliss hereafter—an asylum sad and gloomy, but calm, tranquil and secure—a life of privation, but devoted to an end sufficient to atone for every suffering, the relief of the sick, the helpless and the destitute. Of all this the Reformation at once deprived her. It narrowed her influence, it lowered her sphere, it confined her place to the daily round of domestic joys and sorrows. Catholicism, in the person of Mary, had invested her with almost divine attributes; it had represented her as the intercessor between the Savior and mankind—as the incarnation of the highest purity, of the loftiest philanthropy; and even those who repudiate such doctrines freely recognize the powerful influence they must have exercised in elevating and hallowing the whole sex.

We know full well that the loftiest heroic elements may be found in the very lowliest walks of life, that it needs not the severance of every dear and near tie to call forth all that is holy and elevated in our natures. We would simply direct attention to a fact which, whatever interpretation we may lend it, had evidently acted deleteriously on the condition of woman. The high rank she has achieved for herself in the present century does not invalidate this argument, for she has achieved it only by long, constant and arduous effort, and even now many privileges, once conferred upon her in Catholic Europe, are still denied her.

In the annals of the principal cities of Italy, we find women occupying the chair of the professor—not of modern tongues, not of music and drawing, but of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, mathematics, and astronomy. We find them delivering lectures in public to crowded and admiring audiences; we see them admitted members of learned societies, and addressed by the most scientific men on terms of equality. Yet it is doubtful whether the far-famed Novella was a better Greek scholar than Mrs. Browning; or Maria Porcia Vignoli, whose statue long adorned the market-place of Viterbo, more learned in natural sciences than Mrs. Somerville.

The first half of the eighteenth century gave birth to few painters of enduring fame. The great masters had passed away. The influence of the French school had become predominant throughout the whole domain of art. The tenderness, purity and exquisite perfection of Francia, of Leonardo da Vinci, and of Raphael—the grandeur of Michael Angelo—the soft, transparent loveliness of Correggio—the brilliant hues, the life-like glow of Titian and Paul Veronese—the deep, poetic feeling of Georgione—the power and passion of the Caravaggio school and the radiant beauty of Guido and Albano—were succeeded by the graceful mannerism, the light and lively style of a Watteau and a Bouché. Still, we would not disparage these pleasing artists or their fellow-laborers. They aimed at little, but what they aimed at they attained. The same may be said of their female contemporaries.

During this period art was not utterly stagnant in Germany; Carstens and Raphael Mengs were its representatives. Beside them stands a female form, who, indeed, may be regarded as occupying a position between the two—less minute and reflective than Mengs, less elevated and important than Carstens.

In the far-famed Pitti Gallery, at Florence, are three female portraits the size of life, painted by the originals themselves, which at once attract the attention of every visitor. The first in feature and expression bears the stamp of a masculine intellect: the touch is vigorous, the coloring has the golden tint of the Venetian school, but it presents no mark of individuality—this is Maria Robusti Tintoretto. The second cannot be mistaken; even the most unpracticed eye would discern at a glance that it is a Frenchwoman, piquant, lively, graceful, evidently not so much engrossed with her art as to be insensible to admiration as a woman—this is the well-known Madame Le-brun. Opposite the fair Parisian is a third portrait—a woman still in the bloom of life, but destitute of all brilliancy of coloring, with an expression grave and pensive almost to melancholy. She is seated on a stone, in the midst of a solitary landscape—a portfolio with sketches in one hand, a pencil in the other. The attitude is unstudied, almost to negligence. There is no attempt at display; you feel as you look on her that every thought is absorbed in her vocation. This is Angelica Kauffman, almost the only female arsist of importance of whom, until lately, Germany could boast, but who, with the exception of Elisabetta Serani, ranks higher, perhaps, than any of whom we have yet spoken.

The history of Angelica Kauffman is too well known to allow of our entering into many details here. We need not dwell on her gladsome childhood, her simple youth passed partly amid the vine-clad hills and wild forests of her native land, partly beside the blue waters and sunny shores of the lake of Como—her passionate love of art and resolute devotion to its altar, her success, her genius, her long residence in England, the honors with which she was loaded—the fatal marriage into which she was seduced—all these have been often repeated and commented on. The particulars of this union, or rather of the circumstances which preceded it, however, do not appear so generally known. It was in early girlhood, while travelling with her father through Switzerland to their native land, that she first beheld the man destined to exercise so fatal an influence on her destiny. Angelica was then only in her seventeenth year, her dawning talents had already attracted considerable attention, but as both father and daughter were poor, they were compelled to travel on foot, resting at night at the little inns by the wayside. One evening, when wearied with the long day's journey, they entered a humble house of entertainment, they were informed by the landlord that they must go further, for a couple of "grand seigneurs," just arrived, had engaged all the rooms for themselves and their suite. The weary travellers insisted on their right to remain, and the debate was growing warm, when one of the gentlemen for whose accommodation they were rejected, made his appearance, and, with great politeness, begged them to enter the dining-room and share their repast. The good Kauffman, whose frank, confiding nature was always a stranger to suspicion, at once consented, despite the whispered entreaties of his daughter, who, with the intuitive perception of her sex, had discerned something offensive beneath the polished courtesy of their inviter. She was not mistaken; at the table Lord E—— soon forgot the respect due to youth and innocence, and attempted some liberty. Angelica indignantly repulsed it, and on its repetition, rising hastily from the table, drew her father with her, and instantly left the house. Years passed on; a portion of the time had been spent in her native land with her father's brother an honest farmer, in comfortable though narrow circumstances. At first Angelica, accustomed to the wonders of art, and the splendor of Italian cities, could scarcely bring herself to endure this homely mode of existence. The rude manners of those by whom she was surrounded, the utter want of elegance or taste, displeased and disgusted her. Gradually, however, as habit softened down these first impressions, the poetic side of the picture dawned upon her mind. She learned to love the homely simplicity of that hospitable dwelling, with its gabled front and narrow windows—the gloom and solitude of those dark pine forests, through which the sunbeams could scarcely penetrate, and ceased to long for the marble palaces of Milan, and the orange-groves of Como. Besides, she had little time for idle regrets; the interior decoration of a church in the neighborhood was entrusted to her father and herself, and her success in an undertaking so difficult excited considerable attention. A little later, and we find her again in Italy, at Florence, Naples, Rome. In the latter city she became acquainted with Winkelmann, who soon regarded her with almost paternal affection. It was a charming picture—the gifted and thoughtful man, whose brow was furrowed with sixty years of ceaseless study and deep reflection, and the young, ardent, brilliant girl, full of hope and enthusiasm. Angelica painted his portrait, and it was not without a certain pleasure that Winkelmann informs his friends "he has sat for his picture to a young and lovely woman."

It is one of the best of her early productions; the likeness is perfect, the coloring vivid, and the touch more vigorous than usual.

Angelica was now in her 26th year, and had already acquired both fame and fortune, when she was induced to accept a proposal to visit England. Welcomed with enthusiasm, sought by the noblest and most gifted in the land, all seemed to smile upon her path, when in a fatal hour she again lighted on the man whose undisguised libertinism had so deeply wounded her modesty ten years before. It was in the midst of a brilliant circle, where all the *beaux esprits* of London were assembled, that they again met. Lord E—— had long since lost every trace of her, and great was his amazement to recognize in the elegant woman and celebrated artist the humble little pedestrian of the Swiss mountains. If he had thought her charming then, how much more lovely did she seem to him now; his heart and fancy were alike inflamed, and he resolved that this time at least she should not escape him. Feigned repentance for the past, assurances of unselfish devotion which sought for nothing in return save the friendship and esteem of its object, flattery, insinuation, all were employed. Angelica, trusting and guileless, believed him, nor was it till, fancying himself secure of triumph, he threw off the mask that she even suspected his baseness. Equally shocked and indignant, she would no longer admit him to her society.

This only stimulated his passions. Perhaps he thought it a pretext to lure him to more honorable offers; at all events, despairing of winning the prize by any other means, he laid his rank and title at her feet. But Angelica was no Pamela to receive with humble gratitude the hand of him who had insulted her virtue. Her mild but resolute refusal stung him to madness. If what some of her biographers assert to be true, he forced himself into her presence, and sought by violence to obtain that which no entreaties could win; but here, too, he failed. The rumor of his worthless conduct got abroad, and he found it most convenient to leave England for a time, vowing revenge. The subsequent portion of the story is well known. Her fatal union, two years later, with a worthless adventurer whom the infamous Lord E—— had bribed to personate a man of rank and honor, the discovery of the intrigue, the dissolution of the marriage, the illness and suffering which followed that brief delusion, all have been recounted by her biographers, Di Rossi, and others. Far, however, from diminishing the interest and respect with which she was universally regarded, these sad incidents only increased them. She was recalled from the solitude in which she had buried herself, by the appointment of Professor to the Academy of Arts in London—a rare honor for a woman. For thirteen years she resided in London, resolutely refusing every offer of marriage, but at length, yielding to the entreaties of her father, whose health was rapidly declining, and who dreaded leaving her alone and unprotected, she bestowed her hand upon the painter, Antonio Zucchi, with whom she returned to Rome. It was here that she was introduced into the circle of those great men whose names illustrate their native land, and who at different periods visited the Eternal City—to Goethe, Herder, &c.

"The good Angelica," writes Goëthe, in one of his letters from Rome, "has a most remarkable and, for a woman, really unheard of talent; one must see and value what she does, and not what she leaves undone. There is much to learn from her, particularly as to work, for what she effects is really marvellous."

"It was interesting," says her excellent biographer, De Rossi, "to see Angelica and her husband before a picture. While Zucchi spoke with enthusiasm, Angelica remained silent, fixing her glance on the finest portions of the work. In her countenance one could read her feelings, and her observations were always limited to a few brief words; these, however, seldom contained any blame, nothing save the praises of that which was worthy of praise. It belonged to her nature to be struck by the beautiful alone, as the bee draws honey only out of every flower."

The latter portion of Angelica's life glided tranquilly by. She died in 1807. "As an artist," says a contemporary (Raphael Mengs), "she is the pride of the female sex in all times and all nations. Nothing is wanting; composition, coloring, fancy, all are here." This flattering eulogium, pronounced while the recollection of the charms and virtues of the original was still fresh in the writer's memory, has not been completely confirmed by posterity, and will be but partially accepted by any one who is acquainted with her works. The fire of inspiration is wanting, the coloring is generally deficient in warmth and depth, the touch in force and vigor; but there is infinite grace, sweetness and feminine delicacy in all her productions—the drawing is correct and elegant, and the outlines soft and melting.

A more striking contrast to Angelica Kauffman than Madame Le-brun can scarcely be conceived—the one soft, modest, and retiring, with much of the sentimental tendency peculiar to the German mind, the other gay, sparkling, coquettish, a Frenchwoman in the fullest sense of the term. Born on the 16th of April, 1755, the daughter of a portrait painter of merit, she evinced even in an early childhood surprising taste and talent for art. When but eight years old she painted the picture of a bearded man with such truth and vigor that her father exclaimed, "My child, thou wilt be a painter"; and this little incident made a deep impression on her young and susceptible mind. The good father did his best to cultivate her dawning powers; and when she lost him at the age of thirteen, his place was supplied by the celebrated Joseph Vernet, who felt deep interest in the gifted child. Her position, however, was painful enough; her father's income, never very large, had ceased with his life; her mother, vain, haughty, and extravagant, could not resign herself to the narrow circumstances to which she found herself reduced, and poor little Elizabeth had to work far beyond her strength to minister to her love of dress and amusement. Even when, some years after, the mother married again, matters were not much improved; for her second husband, though abundantly rich, was so avaricious as to refuse his family almost the necessities of life. The talents of the young girl were therefore in greater request than ever; luckily, they were equal to the emergency. Meanwhile, her fame spread abroad. When but fifteen years of age she completed a portrait of her mother in such perfection that Vernet proposed her for admission to the Academy. Her extreme youth rendered it impossible; but a few years later she was permitted to be present at all its public sittings. It was about this time that she was introduced to Pierre Le-brun, himself an artist of considerable merit, and generally acknowledged as one of the first connoisseurs in Europe.

"I was far from the thought of marrying M. Le-brun," she tells us in her memoirs, "although he had a handsome face and agreeable person; but my mother, who fancied him very rich, never ceased urging me not to refuse so advantageous a proposal. So at last I yielded; how bitterly have I since repented it!"

Le-brun, in fact, regarded the whole marriage as an affair of business. Deeply in debt, he speculated on the talents and energies of his young wife to rid himself of his creditors, and enable him to live in ease and luxury. No sooner was he her husband, than he took possession of all her hard-won earnings, insisted on her delivering into his hands the sums—frequently very large—she received for her pictures, and squandered them on the most absurd indulgences; occupying the first floor of the apartments, splendidly furnished, while Madame Le-brun was forced to content herself with the second story. If, however, we are to believe the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the day, she indemnified herself by a license of conduct only too common, indeed, in those days; but not less deplorable in one so richly and variously endowed. Generally speaking, female painters have been remarkable for their pure and blameless existence. The high devotion to Art seems in their case at least to have really effected its legitimate aim—elevating their minds above all degrading pursuits, and saving them, even when thrown, like Elizabeth Cheron or Rosalba Carriera, in the midst of the most dissipated circles, from being tainted by their poison. But the society in which Madame Le-brun lived was corrupted to the very core—to enter it without being contaminated was almost impossible; and her education, imperfect and superficial, had provided her with no guiding power to direct or save her. The fame of her talent, her personal grace, and her "silver voice," as Grétry calls it, soon made her house the rendezvous of all the celebrities of Paris. Often the visitors were compelled to seat themselves on the bare ground, there not being chairs enough for the party. Her *petits soupers* became renowned in all France, and were said to unite Attic elegance and Parisian luxury; and many were the tales circulated as to what took place in that sanctury of the Muses and Graces. Meanwhile her celebrity daily increased; 12 000 francs, an immense sum in those days, was unhesitatingly paid for a small portrait by her hand. She was appointed painter in ordinary to the Queen, and the Court and nobility vied with each other in loading her with homage. This very favor cost her dear. France was then on the eve of that tremendous revolution which was to uproot the existing state of things; and the artist, whom Marie Antoinette invited to sing with her, who accompanied her in her walks, and painted her portrait, could scarcely fail to be unpopular. When the long-threatening storm burst, Madame Le-brun found it prudent to leave the country. With an aching heart she bade adieu to her home and her friends; but her tears were soon dried, for her journey was a triumphal progress.

Italy, the land where female artistic genius had borne the fairest fruits, the land of Elisabetta Serani, of Maria Robusti, hailed with generous delight this gifted daughter of another clime. At Bologna, she was named member of the Academy; at Rome, a deputation of Italian artists waited on her to offer their compliments and felicitations; at Florence she was requested to paint that portrait which is still preserved in the palace of its rulers. In the north her reception was not less flattering. At Berlin and St. Petersburg, she was, as at Bologna, elected member of the Academy of Arts; and the slightest work by her hand brought her a golden harvest. Yet, amid wealth and honors, her heart still pined for her native land; and, in 1801, reassured by the aspect of affairs, she returned to Paris. It was sometime before she could reconcile herself to the complete change in everything around her, and more than once her royalist principles threatened to bring her into trouble; but the danger passed by. She lived long enough to witness more than one revolution, though less terrible, indeed, than that which had convulsed her country in her youth. She beheld the restorat on of that Royal line, to whose protection she owed so much, to the throne of their ancestors, and she saw them once more driven forth to close their days in exile. She died in 1842.

Italy contributed numerous female names to the artists of the eighteenth century; but among all these only one is worth recording, that of Rosalba Carriera, who is mentioned with considerable eulogium by Zanetti, in his "Storia della Pittura Veneziana," the most wearisome of the many wearisome works on Italian painting. Born in 1675, she devoted herself in early life to miniature-painting; but the weakness of her sight compelled her to abandon this and turn to pastels, in which she attained a rare perfection. Her moral purity and worth were not inferior to her genius; though a daughter of Venice, then the most luxurious and licentious city in Europe, she lived in severe and almost cloistral retirement. Perhaps this solitary existence contributed to sadden a temperament too surely and sadly fulfilled. Towards her 50th year she completely lost her sight, and her reason sank beneath the terrible privation. The rest of her existence was a blank, yet she lived to a great old age. She sleeps in the church of San Sista a Modesta, and her grave is still pointed out to the traveller as that of one of the ornaments of her native city.

In England, amid the many gifted women of whom at this period our land is justly proud, we find only two names of any importance in the domain of art; one in sculpture, another in painting, Mrs. Damer and Maria Cosway. The history of the former is well known. Of old and noble lineage, wedded while yet a girl to a spendthrift who contrived to dissipate in a few years a splendid patrimony, she consoled herself for domestic sorrow and pecuniary troubles by her sedulous cultivation of art, in which she speedily acquired celebrity. Maria Cosway was of lowly origin, the daughter of an English innkeeper at Leghorn. By her marriage with the well-known artist, Richard Cosway, she was introduced to English society, where her skill as a miniature-painter soon gained her both wealth and reputation. She died in 1821.

With the above names Professor Guhl closes his survey, reserving for a future volume all notices of the many women who have distinguished themselves in the domain of art in our own day. The serious and sustained cultivation of that art by woman he regards as one of the most promising indications of the present age. He rejoices that the sphere of her activity is enlarged and enlarging. He encourages her in her efforts to obtain one still wider and more effective; he urges on her the necessity of steady and undeviating effort and application; and concludes by expressing the firm conviction, that